

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE PRAYER OF A DYING SUFFERER.

I come to Thee, blest Jesus,
I who have little faith,
I clasp Thy hand to hold me
Through all the pain of death.
When heart and flesh are failing,
O Saviour, fail me not;
No evil thing can hurt me,
If not by Thee forgot.

As to repentant Mary,
As to the dying thief,
To me, repentant, dying,
Speak pardon and relief,
Through the sharp hour of parting,
While doubts and fears increase,
Into the grave's dark shadow
Bid Thou me go in peace.

Entering the unknown region
Of the strange spirit-land,
Guide Thou my timid footsteps,
Hold Thou my trembling hand.
O let the heavens opening
Not dazzling angels show,
But my departed dear ones,
Whom best I love and know.

And do Thou, O my Saviour!
Thine earthly likeness wear,
That as the "Man of Sorrows"
I first may see Thee there,
And at Thy blest feet kneeling,
As oft I've longed to kneel,
To Thee, with grief acquainted,
All my sad case reveal.

If Thou dost say "Forgiven,"
If Thou forbid'st to weep,
If Thou Thyself dost promise
Those I now leave to keep;
I too of the glad angels
May join the happy song,
Nor downcast and a stranger
Fear their too joyous throng.

Good Words.

MEDITATION.

BRIGHT stars are twinkling in the summer sky,
As if they swayed to the soft cloud-born wind;
And from the copsewood, dusk and undefined,
I hear the nightingale, whose notes outvie
All music ever made by bird or human-kind.
On such a night how pleasant 'tis to ply
Slow oars on tranquil lakes, and there to find
Song and sweet memories, and tranquillity.
Leave to the vintager plump grapes that dye
Huge wine-vats purple, bleating of white flocks
And lowing kine to glad sleek farmers' ears;
I care not for the clashing of sharp shears,
Nor love the wine-press. I would haunt grey
rocks

And hear the waves as Hesperus appears!

Dublin University Magazine.

TWO SONNETS.

[SUGGESTED BY A COPY — GIVEN ME BY ALEXANDER SMITH — OF THE MASK TAKEN FROM THE DEAD FACE OF DANTE.]

I

Rest! rest! so long unhappy,— happy now;
I will have faith in Death, that his great signs,
The sleep upon the face, the tender lines,
The long-lost peace come back upon the brow,
Lie not like Life,— false as a strumpet's vow.
In this still dream which heightens and refines,
Somewhat, with solemn cheer, the soul divines
Of Blessing sent we know not whence or how.
Not now the World, with harsh and shallow
noise
Frets thine ear,— deaf; thou sleep'st, and
never more,
As in the waste of desolate years before,
With sad eyes up to Heaven shall crave relief
From Earth's vain round of most unmeaning
joys,
And griefs which want all dignity of grief.

II.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Come to me now! O come! benignant Sleep!
And fold me up as evening doth a flower,
From my vain self, and vain things which have
power

Upon my soul, to make me smile or weep.
And when thou comest, oh! like Death, be deep,
No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,
More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedless of the night-winds how they sweep.
I have not in me half that cause of sorrow
Which is in thousands who must not complain;
And yet this moment if it could be mine
To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign
All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.

Spectator.

GOOD FRUITS.

"Their works do follow them."

NAKED as when we left our mother's womb,
We're carried to our tomb;
Yet not for that in life of little gain,
Our holy deeds remain,
For as in Autumn-time,
When fruits are in their prime,
An aged tree, set in an orchard fair,
Can scarce, unpropred, its load of fruitage bear,
Then comes a storm, and, smitten by the blast,
It holds no longer, but succumbs at last,
Yet, even in its fall, it has not lost
The mighty load of fruit which is its boast,
So we must bow the head,
And join the countless dead:
Yet good men are not left,
Even when dead, bereft;
They bear with them below a glorious load
Of good fruit, as an off'rning to their God.

People's Magazine.

From The Westminster Review.
THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC — ITS STRENGTH
AND WEAKNESS.*

THE material power displayed by the great American Republic during the late Civil War, and the magnanimity and moral grandeur exhibited at its close; the political and commercial influence it exerts among other nations; its wonderfully rapid increase in territory, wealth, and population; and the thought of the magnificent future which appears within its grasp, would at any time render it a subject worthy of our careful contemplation. But at the present moment, when a neighbouring nation, with such tremendous capacities for good or evil, having drunk to its very dregs the sparkling cup of an insinuating but enervating Imperialism, has awakened to a sense of its degradation, and is invoking the genius of Republicanism as the angel of its redemption, it is more than ever our duty and interest to study the lesson to be learned from Republicanism's best exemplar.

We propose, therefore, to consider the American Union *first*, as regards the sources of its strength; and, *secondly*, as regards the dangers and defects of its governmental system. The complex character of that system is but imperfectly understood in Europe. Unlike the simple Repnblics of former times, it owes its origin and strength in great measure to the political communities which preceded it and co-exist with it, each having its own peculiar functions to discharge — the latter being independent of the former and of each other as to all matters of purely local concern — and the Union having supreme authority as to all subjects of national importance. Equally unlike all simple confederations, the general government acts directly upon individuals, thus compelling obedience to its mandates, instead of requiring the aid of the separate States to enforce them.

It is, therefore, more properly to be regarded as a confederated Republic than as a republican Confederation. Such a confederation did indeed exist in America at

the time of the War of Independence, and for several years thereafter. A sense of common danger and the necessity of a common resistance to the government of Great Britain, first produced a union of the colonies, and enabled them to secure the object they had primarily in view. But the imperfections of the system embodied in the "Articles of Confederation" soon became apparent, and the Federal Government, being without any direct sanction for its laws, and entirely dependent upon the co-operation of the States for the maintenance of its authority, and even for its very support, soon found itself powerless and penniless. The respective sovereignties of which the Confederation was composed would not yield a voluntary obedience whenever a regard for their own suposed interests, or a mean and exaggerated jealousy of one another or of the central power, counselled them to the contrary; and if they refused or neglected to obey, compulsion was out of the question.

The wisdom of Washington and other liberal, enlightened, and patriotic statesmen, fortunately came to the rescue, and through their earnest and persevering efforts the foundations of the present Union were laid upon the ruins of the fallen Confederation.

And here it may be remarked, in passing, that the originators of the late rebellion in America, stepping backward, as they did, over a hundred years of steadily advancing civilization, and laying the corner stones of their new system of government upon the miserable fact of human slavery on the one side, and upon the equally miserable theory of a sovereignty over sovereigns on the other, showed themselves not only utterly devoid of political morality, but equally deficient in political wisdom.

The work of Washington and his illustrious compeers was embodied in a written Constitution, in which the foresight of its framers was manifested by the insertion of a clause providing for its amendment whenever in the progress of events it should appear either to Congress or to the State Legislatures that such amendment was desirable, and three-fourths of

* *Commentaries on American Law.* By JAMES KENT. Eleventh Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

the States should unite in ratifying the changes so proposed.

Similar written Constitutions exist in every State of the Union, and to such embodiments of their organic law, unchangeable except by the direct act of the people of the State, or of the United States, as the case may be, is undoubtedly in a great measure due the comparative stability of American institutions. It was not to be supposed, however, that any written instrument could be so worded as to leave no room for doubt as to the true interpretation of all its provisions, and the extent of their rightful application to the numberless new questions which must continually present themselves for solution in the history of a great and growing people.

Nor was it to be supposed that in the immense mass of legislation emanating from Congress enactments might not frequently be found which, owing to inadvertence or to political excitement, would be more or less at variance with the organic law of the land.

It was furthermore necessary, in order to secure certain of the objects specified in the preamble to the Constitution (such as the formation of a more perfect Union, the establishment of justice, and the insurance of domestic tranquillity), that a common arbiter should be appointed to decide in all cases where the rights of different States, or of the citizens thereof, were opposed to one another, or in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved.

Hence a national Judiciary was created, "one Supreme Court, and such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish"—the judicial power of the United States being declared to extend—

"To all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State

claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens, or subjects."

This power being afterwards limited by the 11th amendment, which prohibited, by implication, the bringing of suits in the United States courts against a state by citizens of another state or country.

The wisdom of these provisions is obvious to the philosophical student, and their immense importance to the stability and harmony of the Union has been abundantly shown by experience. "No government," moreover, as has been well observed—

"ought to be so defective in its organization as not to contain within itself the means of securing the execution of its own laws. If each state was left at liberty to put its own construction upon the Constitutional powers of Congress, and to legislate in conformity to its own opinion, and enforce its opinion by penalties, and resist or defeat, in the form of law, the legitimate measures of the Union, it would destroy the Constitution, or reduce it to the imbecility of the old confederation. To prevent such mischief and ruin, the Constitution of the United States most wisely and most clearly conferred on the judicial department the power of construing the Constitution and laws in every case, and of preserving them from violation in every quarter, as far as judicial decisions could preserve them."—(1 Kent's Commentaries, 11th edition, p. 352, citing Cohens v. Virginia, 6 Wheaton, 264.)

The Constitution in fact expressly declares that "*this Constitution, and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land:* and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, *anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding;*" and further that "*all executive and judicial officers both of the United States and of the several states shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution.*" It would seem to follow, *ex necessitate rei*, that the powers to decide whether the laws of any state, or of the United States, are in any respect at variance with the federal Constitution, should be lodged in the Supreme Court of the Union as final arbiter. Hence, Sec. 2, Art. 3, of the Constitution

provides that "in all the other cases before mentioned" (including all cases arising under the Constitution, laws, and treaties of the United States), "the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." In pursuance of the duty thus devolved upon it, the Judiciary Act of 1789 was passed by Congress, under which it was provided —

" That a final judgment or decree in any suit in the highest court of law or equity of a State may be brought up on error in point of law to the Supreme Court of the United States, provided the validity of a treaty or statute of, or authority exercised under the United States, was drawn in question in the State Court, and the decision was against that validity; or provided the validity of any State authority was drawn in question on the ground of its being repugnant to the Constitution, treaties, or laws of the United States, and the decision was in favour of its validity; or provided the construction of any clause of the Constitution, or of a treaty, or statute of, or commission held under the United States was drawn in question, and the decision was against the title, right, privilege, or exemption specially claimed under the authority of the Union." — (1 Kent's Commentaries, p. 320, citing Act of Congress of September 24th, 1789, Sec. 25).

And here it may be remarked that the power exercised by American tribunals of declaring invalid the laws of Congress, or of a State Legislature, as being repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, or of the particular State, as the case may be, is something quite unknown in England or France, and almost unintelligible to a French or English jurist. In France, under the late Empire, to the Senate alone belonged the right of interpreting the Constitution, and of opposing the promulgation of laws contrary to the Constitution (Const. of 1852, Arts. 26, 27) — all laws once promulgated being binding upon all, and no judge being allowed to refuse a decision on the ground of the silence, obscurity, or insufficiency of the law (Code Nap., Arts. 1-4).

In England the Parliament is declared to have sovereign and uncontrollable authority in the making of the laws, with

power to change even the Constitution of the Empire, and of Parliament itself ("Cabinet Lawyer," 25th edition, p. 5). In the United States, on the other hand, "It has become a settled principle that it belongs to the judicial power, as a matter of right and of duty, to declare every Act of the Legislature made in violation of the Constitution, or of any provision of it, null and void." (1 Kent, 488.)

To secure the independence of the national judiciary, the Constitution of the United States provides that all its judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour, and that their compensation shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. That this judiciary, and especially the Supreme Court of the United States has been equally illustrious for its talents as for its virtue and patriotism, and that it has rendered the most effective services to the cause of well regulated liberty, by establishing a system of national jurisprudence, founded upon common sense, compacted by sound and comprehensive reasoning, adorned by clearness and eloquence of statement, and commanding itself to the conscience by its dispassionate impartiality, cannot be denied by any disinterested critic.

The legislative power of the Union is vested in a Congress, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate is composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof for six years. Representatives are chosen every second year by the people of the several States, being apportioned among them according to their respective numbers. The importance of the division of the legislature into two branches, was ably vindicated by President Adams in his "Defence of the American Constitutions," and has been universally recognized in America; and yet the French, disregarding the experience of other nations in ancient and modern times, have clung with singular tenacity, to the system of a single house, first in 1791, then in '93, again under the Republic of 1848, and lastly, under the late Empire — for the functions of the Senate under the Constitution of 1852, were as regards France itself (its power as to the colonies being more extensive)

almost entirely of a negative character, being restricted to the right of opposing the promulgation of laws at variance with the express provisions of the Constitution, or the fundamental principles of the social compact, (Const. Tit. 4 : Décret., Fév. 3, 1861, Art. 10). Until they shall have adopted the Anglo-American system of legislatures, consisting of two independent bodies, one of which is not elected directly by the people, it is useless to look for moderation, justice, and stability in the political development of France. In the United States, as in England, all bills for the raising of revenue, must originate in the lower house; but the Senate possesses the power, which is not conferred upon the House of Lords, of proposing amendments to such bills. Every bill, in order to become a law, must, generally speaking, not only be passed by a majority of votes in each house, but must also receive the President's signature. If, however, he disapprove the bill —

"he shall return it with his objections to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large, on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that house, it shall become a law."

The veto power thus conferred on the President, is intended to prevent hasty, passionate, and unconstitutional legislation; and taken in connection with the power conferred upon the judiciary of deciding, in any case brought regularly before it, that a law is void for unconstitutionality, serves as a salutary check upon the legislature.

The provisions of the Constitution in this respect adopt a happy mean between two extremes. While requiring the Executive sanction to all bills which have simply received a *majority* of votes in the legislative body, thus differing on the one hand from the French "Constitution de l'an VIII" (1 Zachariæ, Dr. Civ. Fr., 3rd ed., p. 45, n. 8) which required no such sanction at all — it allows a bill passed by a *two-thirds* vote to become law against the will of the Executive, thus differing, on the other hand, from the late Imperial Constitution, as well as from the Constitution of England, under both of which the Executive sanction is in all cases indispensable (1 Zachariæ, *ib.*; Cabinet Lawyer, p. 13).

This veto power has been exercised by every American President, but by none to such an extent as by the late President Johnson.

By his action in this respect he secured the censures of many for his stubbornness; but it should be remembered that stubbornness, if sometimes wearisome and unattractive, is often honest in its motive, heroic in its action, and beneficial in its results.

At all events, the stubbornness of the late President was fully equalled by that of both houses of Congress, who repeatedly passed their extreme measures by the requisite two-thirds vote, in direct opposition to the Executive veto. It should be remembered, too, that in several instances the laws so passed were afterwards decided by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional and void, and the President's course in opposing their enactment thereby perfectly vindicated. It should also be remembered that the President claimed (and we believe with reason) that he had, as in duty bound, caused all the laws to be faithfully executed, whether they had met his approval or not; while, on the other hand, it will be to the lasting discredit of Congress that they sought to revenge themselves not only upon the Executive, by means of an impeachment in which the facts proved were ridiculously out of proportion to the offences charged; but also upon the Supreme Court, by certain acts of legislation calculated to reduce it from its lofty constitutional position as an independent co-ordinate branch of the government, to that of a secondary power, subservient to the will of the legislature. When the passions of the day shall have subsided, it will doubtless be recognized by the student of history as a most happy circumstance for the liberties of America, that while a formidable party was, if not thirsting for revenge, at least strongly tempted to injustice towards a vanquished foe by the very consciousness of power, the President of their own election should have been found honest and firm enough to fulfil his constitutional obligations even at the expense of political suicide.

The clauses of the Constitution on the subject of impeachment are as follows :—

"The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanours. The House of Representatives shall have the sole power of impeachment. The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments . . . and no person

shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present. Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honour, trust, or profit, under the United States; but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment according to law." — "The inviolability of any officer of government," says Kent, "is incompatible with the republican theory, as well as with the principles of retributive justice."

The process of impeachment is, however, so difficult and expensive in practice that it is not likely to be often employed. In point of fact, recourse has been had to it but sparingly; and yet the very fear of it may not infrequently have had the good effect of rendering an appeal to it unnecessary. At all events, the ill-advised sneer some time since indulged in by the enemies of republican institutions, that in the model Republic the very Head of the nation was on trial for alleged "high crimes and misdemeanours," was triumphantly met by the reply, that in no other country of the world could the Chief of the State be punished for his crimes against the people thereof, however atrocious and undeniable they might be, by judgment had upon an impartial trial before a constitutional tribunal wherein the majesty of the law should be most signally vindicated in the very person of him who of all others was most bound to "see that the laws be faithfully executed." Whether such a peaceful method of imposing a penalty for past offences, and preventing a renewal of similar ones, is not to be preferred to the impunity of tyrants on the one hand, or the bloody revenge of revolution on the other, is a question which need only be asked to be answered.

For the further security of the citizen against oppression, certain articles of amendment, in the nature of a Bill of Rights, were proposed by the First Congress, in 1789, and having been ratified by the Legislatures of the requisite number of States, became a part of the Constitution.

The first two of these are as follows:—

"Art. 1. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

"Art. 2. A well-regulated militia being

necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The importance of these provisions is obvious. It is certainly one of the causes of England's greatness and glory that freedom of speech and of the press are here so well established. How little is really known in France as to freedom of the press will be obvious to any one who will run his eye over the numerous restrictive enactments upon the subject published among the "Lois Usuelles," as passed under every form of government from the year 1810 down to the present day—among which are particularly to be observed those which require that the printer of a newspaper obtain a special license, and deposit a large amount as security in the hands of the authorities; that a declaration be made containing the title of the paper, the names and residences of the proprietors, the responsible editors, and the printer; that every article be signed by the writer thereof, &c.; and those also which prescribe penalties for all attacks upon the institutions or authorities of the State, for publication of false news, and even for any report of the proceedings in suits against the press. The rigour with which these laws have been recently enforced, not only under the repressive régime of M. Rouher, but also under the (so-called) Liberal Ministry of M. Ollivier, is within the memory of all.

As regards the liberty of bearing arms secured by their Constitution to the people of the United States, it need only be remarked that it is of vital importance in a republican country, the policy of which is totally opposed to the maintenance of a large standing army. It is the only security against insurrection or foreign aggression, and a very considerable one, if any such be needed, against any attempt at usurpation of power on the part of the Executive. Had such a liberty been secured to the people of France, it is evident that it would not have been so entirely at the mercy of the Emperor, and consequently, so nearly at the mercy of a foreign foe as it has lately become.

II.

HAVING thus considered some of the principal sources of the political strength of the great Republic, we proceed to examine briefly what appear to us as among its elements of weakness. One of these is the shortness of the term for which representatives are elected. It is, we are

aware, difficult to fix a term which would be free from objection, either on the one side as rendering them too independent and forgetful of their responsibility to their constituents; or, on the other, as making them too subservient to popular passion, and as conducing too much to that excess of political agitation which characterizes America. But it seems to us well nigh impossible for a representative, especially if holding such an office for the first time, to make himself acquainted with the laws of deliberative assemblies, the arts of cunning and unscrupulous partisans, the history of pre-existing legislation, and the requirements of the country, in the short space of two years. To be sure, a good representative may stand a fair chance of re-election; and not a few of the best men who now occupy seats in the House have, in fact, been occupying them during several successive terms. This is more particularly the case, however, as regards the rural districts. In cities, especially in those where the ignorant foreign element largely prevails, the quiet working representative who conscientiously devotes his time and abilities to the duties of his position, is very liable to be set aside for the noisy demagogue at elections in which those who have the most at stake often take the least interest.

And this leads us to note another danger which threatens the democratic institutions of America, owing, so to speak, to the very excess of democracy which exists there — and that is, the too great frequency of elections. There are so many officers to be chosen by the people, that there is almost always some election in progress — now for mayor, aldermen, or councilmen; now for county officials, now for Governor, State Senate, or Assembly; and now for President, or Representatives in Congress. Not having the time to devote even to an examination of the merits of so many rival candidates, and of the "platforms" on which they respectively stand, and still less to any active co-operation in the work of constructing such platforms and nominating such candidates, the more intelligent and industrious members of the community are tempted to abandon the field of politics to those who make it a trade, and who, by means of "primary assemblies," packed with their own adherents, first nominate the candidates for their party, and then bring them into notice by means of diligent placarding, extensive advertising and newspaper puffing, monster meetings resonant with elo-

quent appeals and fiery denunciations, torch-light processions, and other expensive devices, until when election day arrives, the honest citizen, bewildered by the glare and stunned by the noise of the canvass, finds himself utterly unable to decide between the relative demerits of the respective candidates for office, and either "votes with his party" as a matter of course, or else shirks "the first duty of a citizen" because he cannot conscientiously endorse either of the party "tickets." In other words, there is in no proper sense of the term an *election* by the people, but only a *selection* by them of one out of two or more tickets, all perhaps equally obnoxious, which have been previously arranged by the respective party-managers. If an independent voter has the courage to "scratch" off the names of candidates whom he knows to be dishonest or incapable, and to fill the blanks with the names of others whom he considers more worthy, he indeed saves his conscience, but leaves the poll with the consciousness that his vote is, except as regards self-approval and example's sake, completely thrown away. It need hardly be added that the man who thus refuses a blind obedience to the dictates of either party, stands, himself, scarcely the shadow of a chance of ever being elected or appointed to office. This frequent recurrence of popular elections, while plausibly presented as being most in accordance with republican institutions, is thus adroitly turned to account by political demagogues as a means of securing their own influence and gaining their own personal ends. Hence they have of late years laboured in most of the States to take away from the Executive the power of appointing the judiciary for life or good behavior, and making the same elective by direct vote of the people, and of course, for short terms. The evil effects of such a system are forcibly represented by the distinguished Chancellor Kent, speaking of the New York State Constitution of 1846: —

"The convention have disregarded, in this respect, the lessons taught by the former Constitutions of 1777 and 1821, as well as the wisdom of the Constitution of the United States. The organization of the judicial department is not so essential as the supply of intelligent, learned, and honest judges to administer the laws. The danger to be apprehended, as all past history teaches us, in governments resting in all their parts on universal suffrage, is the spirit of faction, and the influence of active, ambitious, reckless, and unprincipled demagogues, combining, controlling, and abusing

the popular voice for their own selfish purposes. Much more grievous would be such results when applied to the election of judges, for that would tend to break down and destroy the independence and integrity of the administration of justice." — (1 Kent, 311, note.)

Most of the reasons we have given for an extension of the term of office for representatives apply likewise to the case of the Chief Executive of the nation; and to these considerations may be added in his case the following: — The Presidents, except such of them as have been elevated to the position as a reward for military services, have been statesmen, or perhaps mere politicians, who have previously occupied various important offices, first in their own States, and then under the United States Government; and who are consequently somewhat beyond the prime of life when they reach the Presidential chair. Having attained the highest office in the gift of a free people, not being possessed, as a rule, of independent fortunes, and there being no pension provided for ex-Presidents, it becomes for them the urgent ambition of a personal necessity (none the less real though it may conceal itself from view under the gracious garb of a political duty) to strive for a re-election. In order to do this, they are tempted to deeds or declarations which will give an *éclat* to their administration. Hence the absurd doctrine of "manifest destiny" (so improperly termed the "Monroe doctrine"); hence the disgraceful Ostend manifesto; hence the Oregon boundary hubbub; hence, in a great measure, the Mexican war; hence, we fear, the purchase of Alaska, and the proposed acquisition of St. Domingo, St. Thomas, and Cuba — acquisitions which, we are satisfied, would prove far more a source of weakness than of strength to the American Union. A constitutional amendment which should extend the Presidential term to six or eight years, and declare the President ineligible for a second term, but provide him a suitable pension on his retirement from office, would, in our opinion, be highly beneficial, as rendering the Chief Magistrate entirely independent of mere partisans, and making it the only "policy of his administration" to see that the laws be faithfully executed, and that the Republic receive no detriment at home or abroad, whether from professed friends or from open foes.

The extent of Executive patronage accorded by the Constitution, accompanied as it is by the power and practice of removing from office for opinion's sake, is

another great and growing evil, much deplored by all thoughtful patriots in America, and which nothing but an amendment to the Constitution can thoroughly remedy. The maxim that to the victors belong the spoils — fair enough in its application where the spoils were the property of the vanquished — is unblushingly applied by American politicians to the detriment of their common country. The scramble for office upon each change of administration would indeed be ludicrous were it not so unjust and demoralizing; unjust because the most faithful public service is never sure of appreciation and reward, and demoralizing because politicians of easy virtue are thereby tempted to be faithful only to themselves, to prefer the certain profits of dishonesty to the honestly earned but barely sufficient salary of an office held by a most uncertain tenure. Some efforts have indeed been made, of late years, to bring about a reform in the diplomatic and consular service of the United States, but, for various reasons, the bills brought into Congress for this purpose have not yet ripened into laws. Meanwhile there is no inducement for an honest American to fit himself for such service, as for a life-long career, by acquiring a liberal education, by special study of the most important modern languages, and by a thorough acquaintance with the generally received principles of international law. Congressional legislation might indeed accomplish something in this direction. The need of the reform is evidenced by the very introduction of the bills referred to, and it might be hoped that the principle admitted in one case would, as consistency would demand, soon be introduced into the other branches of the public service. But this is probably the true reason why the legislation in question has not been favoured by the majority in Congress. The appointing power of the President has extended with the growth of the country to such an immense number of offices that it is utterly impossible for him to know anything personally of the various candidates. He is consequently obliged to rely upon such endorsements as they can obtain from their senators or representatives in Congress. As regards all important positions, moreover, the President's nominations have to be confirmed by the Senate. Any legislative enactments, therefore, which would restrict the patronage of the President would necessarily curtail the influence and importance of the members of both houses and are on this account unlikely to find favour in their eyes. The only effective

remedy for the evil is to be found in a constitutional amendment which, leaving the appointing power as it is, shall provide that all officers so appointed shall hold their places for life, unless removed for misconduct upon judgment of a court of inquiry duly established for that purpose.

Another source of danger to American institutions is the unqualified extension of the right of suffrage to all men of suitable age (except non-naturalized foreigners) without regard to race, colour, religion, property, or education. It is thought by many that under the practical operation of the American political system, property owners have not the power to which they are fairly entitled, and which the protection of their interests seems to demand. Why the street beggar, the occupant of the almshouse, or the habitual drunkard, should have an equal voice in the government of the country to which he is only a burden if not a disgrace, with the industrious citizen who contributes by his industry to the support of that government and of all the beneficent institutions of society, is not, in fact, very easy to determine. As, however, the smallness of the former class prevents any great harm accruing from the power they possess, the question may be considered as of no practical consequence. But, advancing a step higher, the inquiry presents itself—Ought not some distinction to be made in the distribution of political power between those who have property and those who have none, however industrious and respectable the latter may be? Admitting that all men have certain personal rights which are natural and inalienable, and that therefore all are entitled to a voice in the government by which those rights are to be secured; is it not equally true that those who own property acquired by years of patient industry are entitled to some additional weight in the government by which the rights they have acquired to such property are likewise to be secured? If taxation without any representation be unjust, as was asserted by the American colonies, is not taxation with inadequate representation—or, in other words, the taxation imposed on the few who have property by the many who have none—also, in a certain degree, unjust and oppressive? For, in the total absence of a property qualification for voters, the practical effect, if not the real object, of many legislative measures is, undoubtedly to vote the money of the rich, without their consent, out of their pockets into those of their poorer neighbours. To this it may certainly with

considerable force be replied, that the rich already possess advantages enough, and that if their political power were in proportion to their means, they would be likely to abuse it to secure their own aggrandizement and the constantly increasing degradation of their poorer brethren—a result entirely abhorrent to the genius of free institutions. At all events, the question may be regarded as practically settled beyond the possibility of change in republican America.

But when it is asked, should not the utterly ignorant and uneducated be denied the right of voting? we believe that those who maintain the affirmative have not only reason on their side, but also the ability to carry their theory into practice. It is hardly to be supposed that the educated would seek to keep any large number of the people (at least of their own race and colour) in a state of permanent ignorance, merely for the sake of securing their own political pre-eminence; nor in a country where there are so few absolutely poor as are to be found in America, could the masses be prevented from obtaining an elementary education, if they really desired it, for themselves and their children, aided as they would always be, if occasion required it, by the religious and philanthropic. On the other hand, by the restriction of the right of suffrage to those who know how to read and write, an additional inducement would be furnished to parents to provide for their children at least the rudiments of education. The danger to any community, but particularly in a democracy, of placing the ballot in the hands of the utterly ignorant, is too obvious to require enlarging upon. The number of native Americans, particularly in the Northern States, who are unable to read and write, is, it is true, exceedingly small. In Connecticut only one such person was met with by Chief Justice Reeves, in twenty-seven years of professional practice. But the number of foreign immigrants and of lately emancipated blacks who are wholly uneducated, constitutes a large and dependent class, easily deluded by designing politicians, and exercising an entirely disproportionate influence as controlling the balance of power between the great political parties. The power thus exerted by the ignorant foreign element is well illustrated in the City of New York, whose citizens, in the genuine spirit of American boastfulness, loudly assert its superiority as “the worst-governed city in the world.” The negro vote of the South has hitherto been generally given

to the Republican party, through whose instrumentality their right to vote was acquired; but when the Freedmen's Bureau and other similar institutions are entirely abolished, and the existing asperities between the freedmen and their former masters are removed by the lapse of time, the suffrages of the former will undoubtedly be controlled by the latter, to the certain advantage of the ultra democracy, the possible detriment of Northern material interests, and the re-ascendancy of the political power of the South in the Union.* The elevation of the government, laws, and institutions of a republic, must necessarily depend upon the average intelligence and virtue of its voting population. Hence it is a most dangerous experiment for America to reduce the qualifications of its voters to the level of the lowest, instead of raising the latter to a certain definite standard at which the right of suffrage might with comparative safety be placed in their hands.

The mistake has been made partly through the efforts of demagogues, who desire to control the votes of the ignorant, and partly in consequence of the plausible error of considering the suffrage as a *right* appertaining by nature to every individual, instead of as a *privilege* to be conferred by society upon those who are capable of exercising it for the general good.

But, as this privilege has been actually conferred indiscriminately upon all, it is more than ever the duty of Americans to remedy an existing defect in the Federal Constitution (the last of such defects we have space to consider) by an amendment

establishing a "Department of public instruction," whose office it shall be to stimulate, direct, and assist the efforts of the respective States, to bring the elements of good English education within the reach of all.

The subject of education has hitherto been left entirely to the discretion of the State Governments; the only way in which the general Government has shown its sense of the importance of the matter being in the reservation contained in all grants of the public lands of one section in each township for permanent application to the use of public schools. In most of the Northern and Western States liberal provision is made, either in their Constitutions or by Legislative enactments, for the maintenance of common schools; but in no State, we believe, except perhaps Massachusetts and Connecticut, is elementary education compulsory. Those of the States which are most in need of a well-endowed and well-directed system of public instruction (as containing immense numbers of wholly uneducated blacks and by far too large a body of equally ignorant white citizens) are the ones which before the war were most deficient in providing for the education of the poorer classes, and which, through the events of the war and the political changes consequent thereon, are in a measure entitled to the aid of the general Government, whose intervention has become both a necessity to them and a duty to the entire Union. Were any evidence required of the vast superiority of the power wielded by a people among whom education is universally or very generally diffused, it has been amply afforded in the late American civil war, as well as in the conflict between France and Germany.

* The above passage was penned before the late elections were held in the United States. The result of those elections may be referred to as proving the correctness of the views above expressed.

On the night of the 26th January some severe shocks of earthquake were felt at Accra on the West Coast of Africa. As three series had been felt in five months there was considerable alarm.

A SLIGHT shock of earthquake was felt at Guayaquil in Ecuador on the 9th January. The movement was from the interior towards the coast.

An eruption of the Coloruco volcano in Mexico in January has done much damage to

plantations and villages. An eruption of Mount Orizaba is expected.

On the night of the 31st January an earthquake was felt at Bombay, which extended over a large tract of country. It is stated that on New Year's Day Northern Guzerat had a like visitation.

COAL has been found at Sarawak in a district easy of access, and where native labour is easily obtainable.

*CHAPTER XXXIV.

AXEL, by the help of what remained of his sisters' money, slipped along through the spring and half the summer of 1847, and, as he at last came to the bottom of his purse, he preferred to sell his wool in anticipation, rather than apply to his honest old neighbor. He saw, at last, the thick knuckles of Pomuchelskopp behind the whole affair, and his suspicion grew more and more lively that he had been sheared like one of the sheep, and that his dear old neighbor had kept the wool, though of what his chief aim might be he had not the least conception. He grew colder and colder towards Pomuchelskopp, he no longer visited him, he went out through the garden into the fields, when he saw from the window the Herr Proprietor coming to call, and his wife rejoiced silently at the change. We might rejoice, also, if he had acted intelligently and with consideration, and had broken off the intercourse with a cool head, but he worked himself up into such an opposition to Pomuchelskopp, that he wished never to set eyes on him again, and when the opportunity occurred, at the patriotic union at Rahnstadt, and the Herr Proprietor pressed up to him in a very friendly way, he not only snubbed him, but treated him in the most contemptuous manner, and used such bitter words that all the people who were assembled there took it for a reproach against Pomuchelskopp for his money-lending. This was, if not dishonorable, certainly extremely foolish, for he still owed Pomuchelskopp eight thousand thalers, which he was not ready to pay, and, if he had known the Herr Proprietor as well as he said, he must also have known what the effect of such treatment would be. Pomuchelskopp could swallow a considerable dose of rudeness, but this, in the presence of all the people, was too much for him, and his vengeance lay too close at hand for him not to avail himself of it. He said nothing, but he went round to Slusuhr the notary: "You can give the Herr von Rambow notice on St. John's day, to pay my eight thousand thalers on St. Anthony's. I know, now, where I am; we shall get him in our fingers again, and he shall smart to pay for it."

"If only Moses would give notice too!" cried Slusuhr, and this pious wish was destined to fulfilment, but later. A change had also come over young Jochen, although no one but Frau Nüssler had thought of it; she, indeed, had long suspected that her Jochen would come to a

bad end, and that, at last, he would not allow himself to be ruled by any one. And the time had now come. Jochen had, from the first, laid by money every year: at first indeed, only a couple of hundred thalers; but afterwards the hundreds became thousands, and though he did not trouble himself to count the money, his wife told him, every New-Year's morning, how much they had saved the past year, and his soul rejoiced in it, though he scarcely knew why; but he had been accustomed to it now for many years, and custom and life were, for Jochen, the same thing. When the bad year came, Frau Nüssler said to Jochen at the harvest: "This will be a bad year, you shall see we shall have to use some of our capital."

"Mother!" said Jochen, looking at her with astonishment, "you wouldn't do it!"

But this New-Year's morning his dear wife came and told him she had, this year, taken up three thousand thalers, and God grant they might get through with that! "We cannot let our people and our cattle starve," she added.

Jochen sprang to his feet, a very unusual thing, trod on Banschan's toes, another unusual thing, looked stupidly in his wife's face, but said nothing, which was not unusual, and went silently out of the room, Banschan following him. Noon came, Jochen was not there, a fine spare-rib was smoking on the table, Jochen did not appear; his wife called him, but he did not hear; she sought him, but he could not be found; for he was standing in the dark cow-house, in one hand the tar-bucket, in the other, the tar-brush, with which he was marking crosses on his cattle; Banschan stood beside him. After a long time, his wife discovered him at this occupation.

"Good gracious, Jochen, why don't you come to dinner?"

"Mother, I have not time."

"What are you doing here in the cow-stable, with the tar-bucket?"

"I am marking the cows, that we must sell."

"God forbid!" cried Frau Nüssler, snatching the brush out of his hand. "What is this? my best milk-givers!"

"Mother," said Jochen quietly, "we must get rid of some of our people and our cows, they will eat us out of house and home." And it was fortunate he had begun on the cattle, and not on the people, otherwise the boys and girls might have been running about Rexow, that New Year's day, with tar crosses marked on their backs.

With great difficulty Frau Nüssler coaxed him away from this business, and got him into the house, but then Jochen announced it as his positive decision, he would manage no longer, and he could manage no longer, and Rudolph must come, and marry Mining, and undertake the management. Frau Nüssler could do nothing with him, and sent for Bräsig. And Mining, who had heard enough, for her share, fled to her little gable-room, and held her little heart with both hands, and said to herself that was wrong, why should not her father take his ease, and why should not Rudolph carry on the farm, he was able, Hilgendorff had written so; and, if Uncle Bräsig was opposed to her in this matter, she would tell him, once for all, she would no longer be his godchild.

When Bräsig came, and the matter was explained to him, he placed himself before young Jochen, and said to him, "What are you doing, young Jochen? Painting your cows with tar crosses, on the blessed New-Year's morning? and going to sell your wife's best milk-givers? and going to give up the management?"

"Bräsig, Rudolph can manage; why should not Mining get married, when Lining is married? Is Mining any worse?" And he looked sideways at Banschan, and Banschan shook his head.

"Jochen," said Bräsig, "that is all right. You have spoken a very clever word in your foolishness,"—Jochen looked up—"no, Jochen, it is no special credit to you, it is only because it suits my ideas, for I am of the opinion that Rudolph must manage here. Keep still, Frau Nüssler," said he, "just come here, a moment." And he drew Frau Nüssler into another room, and put the case before her. Until Easter, he should stay with Pastor Gottlieb, and till then, he could look after matters here; but, after Easter, Rudolph must manage, "and that will be good for you," he added, "for he will make no tar crosses on your cows, and it will be good for him too, he will get used to managing, by degrees, and then, a year from Easter, we will have a joyful wedding."

"But, Bräsig, that will never do, how can Mining and Rudolph live in one house, what will people say?"

"Frau Nüssler, I know people have a very bad opinion of their fellow-creatures when they are betrothed; I know, when I had three,—eh, what was I saying? Well, Mining can go to Pastor Gottlieb's at Easter, I shall go to Rahnstadt, to Habermann, and then my room will be empty."

"Well, that would do," said Frau Nüssler.

And so it was all arranged. Rudolph came at Easter, but Mining must go, and as she sat in the carriage with bag and baggage, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and thought herself the most unfortunate being in the world, because her mother had thrust her out of her father's house among strangers,—by which she meant her sister Lining,—and that without any reason; and she clenched her little fist, when she thought of Bräsig, for her mother had let it out that Bräsig had advised it. "Yes," said she, "and now I am to go into his room, which he has so smoked up with tobacco, that one can write his name with his finger, on the walls."

But how she opened her eyes, when she entered the room! In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a white cloth, and on it stood a pretty glass vase with a great bouquet of such flowers as the season afforded; snow drops and blue violets, yellow daffodils and hyacinths, and under it lay a letter to Mining Nüssler, in Uncle Bräsig's handwriting, and as she opened it she was almost frightened, for it was a copy of verses, and this was the first time she had received such homage. Uncle Bräsig had borrowed an old verse-book from Schultz the carpenter, and found a couple of verses to suit him, and added another out of his own head, and this was the letter:

"TO MY DEAR GODCHILD!"

"The room is mine
And yet not mine,
He who was before me
Thought it his own."

"He went out
And I came in,
When I am gone
It will be so again."

"Yes, parting and leaving are sad,
But next year, we shall be glad,
Be good and contented here,
And the wedding shall be next year!"

Mining turned red a little, over the last line, and fell upon Lining's neck, laughing and scolding Bräsig; but in heart she waved him a friendly kiss. And so Mining was here, Rudolph at Rexow, and Bräsig with the Frau Pastorin and Habermann at Rahnstadt.

There was not much change in Habermann, he still kept by himself, although many troubled themselves about him; the rector preached him a little sermon now

and then, Kurz entertained him with agricultural conversation, and old Moses hobbed up the stairs, and asked his advice about his business; but this did not cheer the old man, he tormented himself, day and night, with thoughts of his child, and with the long-deferred hope that the day-laborer Regel might return, and by a full confession free him from these shameful suspicions. The laborer had sent letters, and also money, to his wife and children; but never let himself be seen. The little Frau Pastorin had a secret anxiety lest her old friend should become incurably morbid, and she felt truly thankful, when Bräsig finally came. Bräsig could help her, and Bräsig would; if any one could, he was the man. His restless and yet good-natured disposition left his Karl no peace, Karl must do this, and do that, he must go walking with him, he must listen to all the stupid books that Bräsig got out of the Rahnstadt Circulating Library, and if nothing else would rouse him, Bräsig would make the most extravagant assertions, till he had stirred Karl up to contradict him, and engaged him in a dispute. In this way, there seemed a real improvement in Habermann; but if the conversation turned upon Pumpehagen or Franz, it was all over, and the evil spirit came upon him again.

Louise was much better off, she was not one of the woman who believe that if their love is blighted they must doctor themselves all their lives, and must show the world, through a weary, dreamy behavior, how sick their poor hearts are, that death alone can heal them, and that they are of no more use in the world. No, she did not belong to this species, she had strength and courage to bear a great grief by herself, she needed not the compassion of the world. Deep, deep at the bottom of her heart lay her love, like pure gold, and she granted no one a sight of it, its very shining was locked up from the world, and when she went into this secret place, in quiet hours, and looked at her treasure, she changed it into little money for every-day use, and gave it out, here and there, to all with whom she had to do; and *this* love the world perceived, but not the other. When our Lord sees such a heart striving bravely against misfortune, and trying to turn it into good, then he helps it, and sends many a chance to its help, of which no one thinks. Chances men call them, but, rightly viewed, they are the consequences of many other consequences, of which the first cause is hidden from our sight.

Such a chance befell Louise, in the Spring after the Female Vehmgericht. She was coming home from Lining's at Gurlitz, and going between the Rahnstadt gardens, along a footpath, when a garden gate opened, and a pretty little maiden stepped out, blushing rosy red, and put into her hand a nosegay of lilacs and tulips and narcissus. "Ah, take them," said the little assessor, —for it was she,— and as Louise stood, rather astonished, not knowing how she came there, the tears ran down the little assessor's cheeks, and she covered her hand over her eyes, and said, "I should be so glad to give you a pleasure."

Well, that was so kind and friendly! Louise threw her arm about her, and kissed the little assessor, and the latter drew her into the garden, to the arbor, and then they sat under the blossoming lilacs, and Louise and the innocent little girl conceived a warm friendship for each other, for from the coals of love friendship is easily kindled, and from this time the little assessor was a daily guest at the Frau Pastorin's, and all in the house rejoiced at her coming. When Habermann heard the first tone of the Frau Pastorin's old piano, he came down stairs, and sat in the corner, and listened, while the little assessor brought sweet music out of the old instrument, and when that was over, the Frau Pastorin had her diversion, for the little assessor was a doctor's daughter, and doctors and doctors' children always have something new to tell, and although the Frau Pastorin was not exactly inquisitive she was very glad to know what was going on in the world, and since the time she had lived in the city this little peculiarity had developed in her, and she said to Louise, "I don't know; but it seems as if one was glad to know what is going on around one; but when my sister Tridelsitz tells me anything, it all sounds so sharp, but when little Anna tells anything it sounds so innocent and gay; she must be a good little child."

But the real significance of this friendship first appeared when the bad year came, and its consequences entered the little city,—poverty and hunger and misery. Little Anna's father was a doctor, and he had no title at all; but he had something better, he had a compassionate heart, and when he had told of this and that, at home, the little assessor would go to the Frau Pastorin and Louise, and tell it over again, and the Frau Pastorin would go to her store-room, and into the pantry, and down into the cellar, and pack a basket,—she

always did that herself, nobody else must meddle with it,—and the two little maidens carried it off, in the half-twilight, and when they came back, they gave each other a kiss, and the Frau Pastorin one, and Habermann one, and that was all. And when the soup-kitchen was to be started, the ladies of Rahnstadt held a great “perpendicile,” as Bräsig called it, to decide what it was best to do, and the Frau Syndic said, “It should be something noble,” and when she was asked what she meant by that, she said it was all one to her; but it must be noble, otherwise she would have nothing to do with it. And the old Vehmgerichters said there must be a distinction made between the wicked and the good poor, the wicked might go hungry; and a young lady, who was just married, said they ought to have gentlemen at the head; but that was a great mistake, all were opposed to her, and the Frau Syndic said, so long as she had lived—and that must be a good many years, interjected Frau Krummhorn—cooking and nursing had come under the rule of the ladies, what did men know about such things? but the business must be noble. And the conventicle separated, as wise as it had been when it came together, and when the soup-kitchen was started, two pretty little maidens, in white aprons, served together at the fire, and put the gifts for the poor into the soup-kettles, and sat down with the wicked and the good poor, on the same bench, and peeled potatoes for the next day, and scraped turnips, and this was the small money into which Louise had changed her golden treasure, and the little assessor added her groschen to the sum.

Now came Bräsig, and relieved the little assessor of the out-door errands, for he was peculiarly fitted for such duties, and when he had not the confounded Podagra, he ran about the city, saying to Habermann, “Karl, Dr. Strump says Polchicum and exercise, and the water-doctor says cold water and exercise; they both agree on the exercise, and I find that it is good for me. What I was going to say—Moses sends his regards to you, and is coming to see you this afternoon.”

“What? Has he got back from Döberau, from the baths? I thought he was not to come back until August.”

“Yes, Karl, it is St. James’ day, to-day, and August is almost here. But—what I was going to say,—the old Jew has quite renewed his youth, he looks really well, and he ran about the room, just to show me how spry he was. But I must go to

old widow Klähn, she is waiting in her garden for me, because I promised her some turnip-seed, and then I must go to Frau Krummhorn, she wants to show me her young kittens, to see which one she shall keep for us, for, Karl, we need a good mouser; and then I must go to Risch, the blacksmith, to see about the shoes for Kurz’s old saddle-horse. The old thing has wind-gall, as bad, I tell you, Karl, as Moses’ David’s corns. You don’t know, perhaps, if your young Herr has got a horse with a wind-gall, he might like to buy the old thing from Kurz, for the completeness of his lazaretto. And, towards evening, I must go to the Frau Burgmeister, for they have three or four bushels of rye, and I shall have a sort of feast, since it was cut to-day, and I shall of course have Streichelbier, so that it will seem quite like farming. Well, good-bye, Karl, this afternoon I will read to you, for I have brought home an amusing book.” And so he ran off again, up street and down, like a Jack of all trades, toiling for other people; for since in our little Mecklenburg towns the chief interests turn upon farming matters, he advised here and prophesied there, helped this one and that, and was soon the oracle and errand boy of the whole city. After dinner he sat down by his Karl, with a book in his hand, to read to him out of it, and if we peep over his shoulder we may read the title: “The Frogs of Aristophanes, translated from the Greek.” We open our eyes; but how would the old Greek have opened his eyes over the cultivation of the Rahnstadters, had he, after two thousand years, peeped over uncle Bräsig’s shoulder, and perceived, from the stamp, that his confounded Frog-nonsense was ranged with the various “Blossoms” and “Pearls,” and “Forget-me-nots” and “Roses,” in the Rahnstadt Circulating Library. How the rogue would have laughed! Uncle Bräsig did not laugh, he sat there very sober, he had on his horn spectacles with the great round glasses, which shone like a pair of coach-lanterns, he held the book as far from his body as his arm would reach, and began:

“The Frogs of Aristop-Hannes—I read ‘Hannes,’ Karl, for I think ‘Hanes’ must be a mistake in the printing; for it told about ‘Schinder-Hannes,’ in a book I read once, and if this is only half as dreadful, we may be well contented, Karl.” Then he began, and read on, in Schoolmaster Strull’s style, and Habermann sat there, as if he were paying close attention, but soon his old thoughts slipped in, and

when Bräsig moistened his finger, to turn over the fourth leaf, he saw, with righteous anger, that his old friend had closed his eyes. Bräsig stood up, and placed himself before him, and looked at him. It is an old story, that the miller wakes when the mill stops grinding, and the listeners wake when the sermon is at an end, and so it was with Habermann; he opened his eyes, took a couple of puffs at his pipe, and said, "Fine, Zachary, very fine!"

"How? you say 'fine,' and you are fast asleep?"

"Don't take it unkindly," said the old man, coming, for the first time, to full consciousness, "but I havn't understood a word. The book must be very dry, or do you understand any of it?"

"Not much, Karl, but I have paid a groschen for it, and when I pay a groschen, I want to get my money's worth."

"Yes; but if you don't understand it?"

"People read for other things than understanding, Karl; people read *pour passer la tante*, with the books. Just see," and he was going to explain this remark, when some one rapped at the door, and Moses came in.

Habermann went up to him: "This is good, Moses! And how fresh you look, really handsome!"

"So my Blümchen tells me, but she has said that for these fifty years."

"Well, how did you like it, at the bath?"

"Do you want to hear some news, Habermann. One is pleased twice at the bath, first, when one arrives, and secondly, when one goes away. It is just as it is with a horse and a garden and a house, one is glad to get them, and glad to get rid of them."

"Yes, you are not used to being idle, you had too much business in your head."

"Well, what is business? I am an old man. My business is not to get into new affairs, and to get my money out of the old. And I came to talk to you about that; I am going to give notice of my seven thousand thalers at Pumpehagen."

"Oh, Moses, not yet! You would throw the Herr von Rambow into great embarrassment."

"Well, I don't know, he must have money, he must have a great deal of money. David and the notary and Pomuchelskopp have been at him, and wanted to clear him out of his nest, this last New-year, but he paid them eleven thousand thalers, at one time. I made it out from David. I also heard it from Zodick. 'Where did you go yesterday?'

I asked him. 'To the court,' he said. 'Zodick, you lie,' I told him. Then he swore it, till he grew black in the face. But I kept saying 'Zodick, you lie.' At last I said, 'I will tell you something,' said I. 'The horses are mine, and the carriage is mine, and the coachman is mine; if you don't tell the truth, I will send you away, and then you will be a beggar.' Then he thought better of it, and told me about the eleven thousand thalers, and yesterday he told me Pomuchelskopp had given him notice of the eight thousand thalers, on St. Anthony's day. Now, Pomuchelskopp is a shrewd man, he must know how he stands."

"God bless me!" cried Habermann, and his hatred was forgotten, and the old attachment struck through him, without his being conscious of it himself, "and do you mean to give notice, too? Moses, your money is safe."

"Well, suppose it is safe. But I know many places where it would be safer," and, looking sharply at the two old inspectors, one after the other, he added, with a singular expression, "I have seen him, I have also spoken with him."

"Whom? the Herr von Rambow? Where then?" asked Habermann.

"At Doberau, at the gaming-table I saw him," said Moses, venomously, "and I spoke with him at my lodgings."

"Good heavens!" cried Habermann, "he never did that in his life before. How has the unhappy young man come to that?"

"I always said," remarked Bräsig, "this Herr Lieutenant was going to the devil with his eyes open."

"Just heavens!" exclaimed Moses, "how they threw the gold about! They had great heaps of louis-d'ors before them, and put them down here, and put them down there, and shoved them here, and shoved them there, and is that a business? and do you call that an amusement? A thing to make one's hair stand on end! And there he was among them. 'Zodick,' said I,—for Zodick had come with my carriage, I was going away the next day,—'Zodick, place yourself here, and pay attention to the Pumpehagen Herr, how it goes with him,—it made me sick to look on. And in the evening Zodick came, and he said he had lost, and in the morning the young Herr came to me, and wanted a thousand thalers. 'I will tell you something,' I said, 'if you want me to be like a father to you, then come with me; my Zodick is waiting with the carriage before the door, I will take you with

me; it shall not cost you a shilling.' But he wouldn't do it, he stayed there."

"The poor, unhappy man!" cried Habermann.

"This boy!" exclaimed Bräsig, indignantly, "who has a wife and child! Oh, if you were mine, I would teach you a lesson!"

"But, Moses, Moses!" cried Habermann, "I beg you, by everything in the world, don't demand your money. He will come to his senses, and your money is safe."

"Habermann," said Moses, "you are a shrewd man, too, but listen to me: when I began the money business, I said to myself, when a man comes cutting a great swell, with carriage and horses, and costly furniture, then lend money, the man has something to pay it with; when one comes, gay and merry and drinking champagne, — now, young folks will be young folks! what they spend to-day, they can earn tomorrow,—then lend, too; but when one comes with cards in his pocket, and bills in his pocket, and throws his money by heaps into the gutter,—take care, I said, the gambler doesn't get his money again out of the gutter. And then, Habermann, what would the people say? The Jew, they would say, has laid in wait for the young man, he has advanced him money for his play, that he should ruin himself, and the Jew can find good fishing in the troubled waters." And Moses rose to his feet: "No, the Jew, also, has his honor! and no one shall come, and point to my grave, and say, 'They tell bad stories about him.' And I am not going to lose my good name, in my old age, for the sake of a young puppy like this. Has he not stolen your honest name from you? and yet you are a good man, and a sure man. No, sit down," said he, as Habermann sprang up, and strode up and down the room, "I am not going to talk about that; but people are different; you suffer it, and you have your reasons; I will not suffer it, and I also have my reasons. And now, adieu, Habermann, adieu, Herr Inspector,"—going out of the door,—"but I shall give him notice on St. Anthony's day."

"So from this side also, a storm was rising in Axel's sky, of which he little dreamed; dark clouds gathered round him, and when the storm should burst, who could tell if a shower of hail might not fall, which should destroy all his springing hopes for ever. He, indeed, never allowed himself to think that he might be playing a losing game, he comforted himself with the good harvest, with

the advances he should receive from the grain and wool dealers, and also with other unforeseen happy chances, which might possibly occur. But if such chances sometimes come to a man's help, unfortunate chances often come, which tax the courage of the strongest, and make him feel as if he were the plaything of destiny. And so it happened in the year 1818.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THIS is not the place, of course, to describe what the year brought with it, of good or evil, for the world, every one may do that, after his own fashion; nor shall I undertake to relate the consequences, or investigate the causes of its events in the rest of the world; but only to tell what it brought with it for the company with whom I have especially to do, is more than I can do off-hand; or my book would come to an end in a very unsatisfactory way.

When the uproar broke out in Paris, in February, it was as far off from Mecklenburg as Turkey itself, and was to most people rather amusing than otherwise; they were pleased to have something going on in the world. A great taste for politics was developed in Rahnstadt, and the postmaster said, if it went on like that, it would be too much for them, he had been obliged to order eleven new papers, — four Hamburg-Correspondents, and seven "Tanten-Vossen," — and this proportion was itself a bad sign, for the "Tanten-Vossen" had a tendency to undermine all the conditions of society; they might not mean any harm by their nonsense, but they did it.

So four and forty Rahnstadt politicians were provided for, since at least four, on an average, read the same newspaper, and the juvenile offspring of the Rahnstadt grandees ran about the streets with the papers, and took them punctually from house to house, as if their worthy parents were training them for post-boys. But what were eleven papers, in such a town as Rahnstadt? The majority of the citizens had nothing of the sort, and some provision must be made for them, and so there was.

"Johann," said Hanne Bank's wife, "where are you going again?"

"Eh, Dolly, over to Grammelin's a little while."

"You go to the ale-house altogether too much, of late."

"Eh, Dolly, only one glass of beer! Rein, the advocate is going to read us the papers again this evening; a man must know what is going on in the world."

And Hanne Bank and fifty others went after their beer. The advocate Rein sat by the table, holding a newspaper in his hand; he looked along the table once or twice, and cleared his throat. "Quiet!"

"Quiet!" "Grammelin, another glass of beer!" "Karl, hold your tongue! he is going to read." "Thunder and lightning! can't I be served with a glass of beer first?" "Well, now keep still!" and the advocate began to read. He read about Lyons and Milan and Munich; revolutions were breaking out everywhere, and spreading all over the world. "Come, here is something," said he. "Island of Ferro, the 5th inst. The island is in great excitement; they intend taking away our meridian, which we have had over three hundred years, and transferring it to Greenwich, in England. Great animosity to the English. The people take up arms; our two regiments of hussars are ordered to the defence of the Meridian."

"Just think of that, how they are going on!" "Yes, neighbor, that is no small matter; when one has had a thing three hundred years, it must be hard to do without it." "Neighbor, do you know what a meridian is?" "Eh, what should it be? It must be something the English can make a good use of. You see, you wouldn't believe me, yesterday, that the English were at the bottom of the whole trouble, now you hear it for yourself."

Advocate Rein laid the paper on the table, and said, "The business is getting serious; one may well feel anxious and disturbed."

"Good heavens, what is the matter now?" "Has anything serious happened?"

"Serious? I should think so! Just listen! North pole, 27th February. An extremely dangerous and serious outbreak has occurred among the Esquimaux; they obstinately refuse to turn the earth's axis any longer, and they pretend there is a lack of train-oil, for greasing, since the whale-fisheries have been so bad, during the last year. The consequences of this disturbance, for the whole world, are not to be reckoned."

"Thunder and lightning! what is that? Will the whole concern stand still?"

"Eh, the government must do something about it!"

"Eh, neighbor, the nobility will not suffer for that."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Hanne Bank.

"You don't believe it? Well, as a shoemaker, you should know something

about it. Hasn't train-oil gone up since last year?"

"Well, children," said Wimmersdorf, the tailor, "so much I say, no good can come of it."

"Well," cried another, "it is all one to me! If the skies fall, the sparrows will drop dead. But so much I say, we have to work, and shall those lazy dogs at the north pole sit with their hands in their laps? Grammelin, another glass of beer!"

From these stories one may perceive three things; first, that the advocate, Rein, read not merely out of the papers, but occasionally out of his head, and that he was a waggish fellow, and, secondly, that the Rahnstadt burghers were not yet quite ripe for the newspapers, and, thirdly, that men, as a general thing, look at a matter very coolly, when it does not affect their own interests.

But it was coming nearer to us. One fine day, the Berlin post did not arrive, and the Rahnstadters stood in a great crowd before the post-office, asking themselves, what was the meaning of this? and the grooms who had come to fetch the post-bags for the country places, asked themselves whether they should wait or not; and the only contented man, in all this disturbance, was the Herr Postmaster, who stood before the door, with his hands folded on his stomach, twirling his thumbs, and saying, for thirty years he had not had such a quiet time, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, as to-day. The next day, instead of the little newsboys, came the grandesse themselves, and instead of the grooms the gentlemen themselves rode in, but that did not help the matter, for still the post did not come; but instead, it began to be whispered about that a revolution had broken out at Berlin. One knew this, and another that, and old Dusing, the potter, who lived by the gate, said he had heard cannon firing distinctly, all the morning, which all the people honestly believed, although Rahnstadt is twenty-four miles from Berlin. Only his neighbor, Hagen, the wheelwright, said, "Gossip, that cannon firing was done by me; I have been splitting beechen-logs all the morning in my woodshed."

The third day a post came; but not from Berlin, only from Oranenburg; and they brought along a man, who could have told everything, since he was himself in Berlin at the time, if he had not talked himself so hoarse that by the time he reached Rahnstadt he could not speak a

loud word. He was a clerical candidate belonging in the region, and the Rahnstadtters knew him and nourished him with egg-nog to clear his throat; he drank a considerable quantity of the stuff, but it did no good; he pointed to his throat and chest, shook his head and was going away. But it was asking too much of the Rahnstadtters to expect them to submit to such a disappointment, they wouldn't let him off, and the candidate was obliged to give a representation of the Berlin revolution, in pantomime. So he constructed a couple of barricades,—in the air, so to speak, for, if he had taken hold of the Rahnstadt paving stones literally, the police would have been after him,—he shot, with his cane, behind the barricades, he stormed them,—still with his cane,—from in front, he ran about wildly among the people to represent the dragoons, and succeeded in imitating the thunder of the cannon, for he was just able to say "Bumm!"

So the Rahnstadtters knew, now, how a revolution looked, and how it should be conducted, and they sat together and drank beer and disputed, and things began to look so serious that even our friend Rein did not try to get off any more of his North pole stories. Sometimes, now, also, the grandes would come and drink beer, to earn popularity against the time when the revolution should begin here.

And it was seriously thought of. There were wide-awake people in Rahnstadt, as well as in other places, and although the citizens had no great common grievance, each had his little individual difficulty upon which to hang his discontent, one had this, another that, and Kurz had the stadtbulleten. So it came about that all were united in the opinion that things must be different, and it would come to no good, if they did not have their revolution also,—that is to say, a little one.

Out of the indefinite reading of newspapers, came a definite Reformverein, with a president and a bell; and the irregular running up and down became regular, and the number of visitors became so large that the company adjourned, one evening, from the beer-house to the hall; but they took their beer-mugs along with them. All this happened in the greatest order, which is rather astonishing when one considers that the company was made up of discontented people, for the only contented member of the union was the landlord, Grammeling. They had speech-making in the hall, at first from the tables and benches; but that was to be altered. Thiel, the joiner, made a round sort of

thing, which should serve for the speaker's stand, and the first speech made from it was by Dreiern, the cooper, against Thiel himself, since he considered the thing to be rather cooper's work than joiner's work, and begged of the assembly protection for his trade. He did not carry it through, however, although it was apparent to all that the thing bore a striking resemblance to a cooling-vat for a brandy-still. The old stout baker, Wredow, also failed in carrying his motion that the cask should be made larger, since there was no room to move about in it; for, as Wimmersdorf the tailor told him, the thing was not made for stout people; they had had enough of folks who cared merely for their own comfort. The thing was meant for those who had nothing on their ribs, and it was large enough for them. And so it happened that only the lean people got a chance to speak, and the stout folks in their anger and vexation stayed away, at which the others declared themselves to be well pleased. But it was a mistake, for in this way they expelled "the quiet element"—as it was called—from the union, and in their stead the day-laborers crowded in, and now they were ready for the revolution. The only two people of comfortable dimensions who still remained in the Reformverein, were Schultz the carpenter and Uncle Bräsig.

No one could be more contented, in these restless times, than Uncle Bräsig; he was always on the street; he was like a bee, or rather a humble-bee, and looked upon every house-door and every window in Rahnstadt as a flower whence he could suck news, and when his appetite was satisfied he flew back to his place, and fed his friend Karl with his bee-bread: "Karl, they have driven away Louis Philippe."

"Is that in the papers?"

"I read it myself. Karl, he must have been an old coward. How is it possible a king could let himself be driven away?"

"Eh, Bräsig, such things have happened before. Don't you remember about the Swedish Gustavus? When a people are all united against him, a king stands entirely alone."

"You are right there, Karl; but yet I wouldn't have run away. Thunder and lightning! I would sit on my throne and put the crown on my head, and kick and thrash with my arms and legs, if any one touched me."

He came later, saying, "Karl, the post has not come again from Berlin, to-day, and your young Herr rode in splashing through

the streets, up to the post-office, to make inquiries himself, and why not? But it came near going badly with him, for some of the burghers were already plotting together there, and asking themselves, by way of example, whether they ought to allow a nobleman to go splashing through the mud like that. Well, he rode off, afterwards, in quite a different manner, towards Moses' house, and then the matter was dropped. I had a word to say to Moses, and went there shortly after, and as I came up he was just coming out of the door; he looked at me, but did not know me; nor that I take it unkindly of him, for his head was full of his own affairs, for I could hear Moses saying, 'What I have said, I have said: I will lend no money to a gambler.' Moses is coming here, this afternoon."

So, in the afternoon, Moses came. "Habermann, it is correct, it is all correct about Berlin."

"What? has it broken out there?"

"It has broken out,—but don't say anything about it; this morning the son of Manasseh came to me from Berlin, travelling post; he is going to make a business of buying up old flint-locks, he has got some thirty thousand, left from the year '15."

"What can he do with his flint-locks?" cried Bräsig; "every educated person uses percussion locks, now-a-days."

"What do I know?" said Moses. "I know a good deal, and I know nothing at all. He thinks, when it begins, there will be a demand for the old muskets with the flint-locks, too, and he told me at Berlin they shot with flint-locks and sabres and pistols and cannon on the people, and it went 'Puh! puh!' the whole night, and the cuirassiers rode through the streets, and the people threw stones, and shot out of windows, and from behind the barricades. Terrible! terrible! but don't say anything about it."

"So there was a regular cannonization?" inquired Bräsig.

"Good heavens!" cried Habermann, "what times these are! what dreadful times!"

"Why, what do you call dreadful times? It is always bad times for the foolish, and always good for the wise. When we had good times, I had no reason for drawing in my money, and giving notice here and there. For an old man like me, these are good times."

"But, Moses, have you no anxiety, when everything seems going to destruction? You are well known to be a rich man."

"Well, I am not afraid; my Blümchen came and whispered to me, and David came,—he trembled like that,—and said, 'Father, what shall we do with our money?' 'Do with it?' said I, 'do as we have done. Lend, where it is safe, do business where it is safe; we can be "people" too, if it is necessary. Let your beard grow, David,' I said, 'the times require it.' 'Well, and when other times come?' he asked me. 'Then you can cut it off again,' I said, 'the times will not require it then.'"

The talk then turned upon Axel, and his difficulties, and the fact that money and credit were nowhere to be had, and there was much to say on that point, for if credit fell property must fall with it, and many a one would not be able to keep his estate. And when Moses was gone the two old farmers sat together through the evening, with the Frau Pastorin, and the talk wandered sadly, hither and thither, and the Frau Pastorin clasped her hands, once and again, over the wicked world, and, for the first time, thanked her Creator that her pastor had been taken away before these evil times, and had not lived to see such unchristian behavior; and Habermann felt like a man who has given up a fine business, which had grown very dear to him, and now sees his successor going to destruction. Bräsig, however, did not allow himself to be dismayed; he held up his head, and said these agitations, which were spreading over the whole world, were not merely the result of human invention, our Lord had his hand in the business as much as ever; at least, He had allowed it, and after the storm the air would be clear again. "And, Karl," he added,—"I say nothing about you, Frau Pastorin,—but if I may advise you, Karl, you should come with me, tomorrow evening, to Grammelin's, for we are not mere rebels, and do you know how it seems to me? Just as it is in a stormy day; if you stand in the house and look out, you shudder and shrink, but once out in the midst of the rain, you scarcely notice it."

So Bräsig attended the Reformverein at Rahnstadt, and every evening came back to the house, and told what had happened there. One evening, he came home later than usual: "They have gone crazy, today, Karl, and I have drank a couple of glasses more beer than usual, merely on account of the great importance of the matter. You see, the day-laborers have all become members of the union, and why not? we are all brothers. And the

cursed fools have been planning that the whole limits of the town of Rahnstadt must be measured over again, and cut up into equal sections, and every one is to have just so much land, and every one is to have the right to cut down a beech-tree, from the town forest, for the winter; then there will be regular equality among men. Then all who owned land got up; they were for equality, but they wished to keep their property, and Kurz made a long speech about fields and meadows, and introduced the *stadtbullen* into them; and when he had finished they reviled him for an aristocrat, and turned him out. And then the tailor, Wimmersdorf, stepped up, and discoursed about the freedom of the trades, and the other tailors attacked him, and belabored him unmercifully, they wanted equality, they said, but they must have guilds for all that. And a young man got up, and asked, mockingly, how it should be with the tailoresses? Should they be admitted to the guilds, or not? And the old master tailors would have nothing of the kind, and then the young people declared themselves for the tailoresses, and turned out the old tailors, and there was a great uproar outside; and, in the hall, Rector Baldrian made a long, long speech, in which there was a great deal about the emanzipulation — or something else — of the female sex, and he made the proposition, that if the master tailors would not admit the tailoresses into their guild, the tailoresses should establish a guild of their own, for they were as good human sisters as any other guild; and that was passed, and the tailoresses are a guild now, and I was told, as I was going out, the tailoresses would be out to-morrow, in white dresses, with their forewomen at the head. Karl, that old, yellow old maid who goes by here every day, that they always call a Tartar, should lead them to the rector's house, and thank him, and in token of gratitude for his speech should present him with a woolen under-jacket and drawers, on a cushion."

"Bräsig! Bräsig!" exclaimed Habermann, "what nonsense you are talking! One would think you had nobody above you, and that you could decide everything for yourselves."

"Why not, Karl? Who is to hinder us? We make our resolutions, as well as we know how, and if nothing comes of it, why, nothing comes of it; and nothing ever will come of it, in my opinion, for you see, Karl, the whole story comes to one

point; all will have something, and nobody will give up anything."

"So it is, to be sure, Zachary, and I do not think, in this little city, there will be much harm done, for one party will always oppose the other; but, just think, if the day-laborers, in the country, should get the idea of dividing the estates, what would become of us then?"

"Eh, Karl, but they won't do it!"

"Bräsig, it lies deep in human nature, this desire to call a little bit of our earth one's own, and they are not the worst men who care the most for it. Look around you! When the mechanic has laid up something, then he buys himself a little garden, a little field, and has his pleasure as well as his profit in it, and the laboring man in the city may do the same, for he has the possibility; and for that reason, I do not believe the discontent of the laborers, here in the city, is of much consequence. But it is different with the laborers in the country; they have no property, and, with all their industry and frugality, can never acquire any. If these opinions should spread among them, and ignorant men should attempt to carry them into effect, you would see, the consequences would be bad. Yes," he cried, "at first, it would begin merely among the bad masters, but who will be security that it shall not extend to the good also?"

"Karl, you may be right, Karl, for this evening Kurz told me, — that is to say, before he was turned out, — that, last Sunday, a couple of Gurlitz laborers used very singular expressions at his counter."

"Do you see," said Habermann, and took up his candle to go to bed, "I wish no evil to any one, though many may have deserved it, but it is sad that the good masters should suffer with the bad, and that the punishment, which falls justly here and there, should fall upon the whole country."

With that he went off, and Bräsig said to himself, "Truly! Karl may be right, in the country it might go badly, I must go immediately to look after young Jochen and Pastor Gottlieb. Well, there is no danger about young Jochen, he has never said a word to his laborers, and they will say nothing to him, and the pastor's Jurn is decided no rebel."

Habermann's opinion of the people, with whom he had so long been connected, was just; through the whole country spread a restlessness, like a fever. The most well-founded complaints, and the most unreasonable and shameless demands went

from mouth to mouth, among the people, and what was at first lightly whispered was soon loudly spoken out. The masters were mostly to blame for it, themselves; they had lost their heads, each one acted on his own hook, and selfishness became very evident, when each cared merely for his own interests, and, provided he could live in peace with his people, did not trouble himself about his neighbor. Instead of going forward, with a good conscience, in the old, friendly intercourse with the people, some masters cringed before their own laborers, and granted all their unreasonable demands; others mounted the high horse, and would compel them with sword and pistol, and I have known some who would not ride about their own fields without a couple of rifles in the wagon. And why? Because they had not a good conscience, and had long ceased to have any friendly feelings towards their people. Of course, this was not true of all masters, nor was it true of Axel; he had never been unkind to his people, nor was he generally hard, but he could become so, if he believed his position as master to be in danger. Under such circumstances as the present, every one showed his true character, and it required a very cool and experienced head to look over the whole tumult and trouble, hold oneself in readiness for action, and decide what was good and what was evil, and how one should steer his ship safely through these swelling waves.

This was not the case with Axel, he sat in the midst of the whole confusion, and groped blindly about him for resources which he should have found in himself, and so it happened, that he committed both follies of the masters, now he would yield unwisely, and again the lieutenant of cuirassiers would get the ascendancy, and he would seize his pistols and sabre. The people were not what they had been, and that was his own fault; for at one time he would deprive them of little things, which, from old custom, were dear to the heart of the small folk, and again, in a fit of good nature, he would give liberally all sorts of favors, and that made the people greedy, for he did not understand human nature, especially that of the small folk, in the country. He would praise the people when they had been idle, and scold them when they had been industrious, for he did not know how much they could bear. In short, he had not treated them in accordance with right and justice, but merely according to his own caprices, and because these had not lately been favorable, dis-

content had increased among the day-laborers, and against such solid old oaks as would not easily burn, or let the flame kindle, was piled one dry fir-branch after another, until, at last, they begin to take fire.

Every one knows that only diseased firs afford such dry branches, and in Axel's neighborhood stood such a diseased fir-tree, which was full of splinters, and that was Gurlitz. This tree had formerly been quite sound; but, in spite of all Pastor Behrens could do to preserve it, it had decayed, for each of the several masters, whom they had exchanged for another, had taken away branch after branch, and the old barrel, Pomuchelskopp, was really glad that it was diseased, and thought merely of the fat he could roast out of it; for there are masters,—sad to say,—who prefer a bad state of things, among their day-laborers, to a sound one, and rejoice when they have their people at a disadvantage, because they can skin them the better. But Pomuchelskopp had not taken it into account that, when the lightning strikes such a dry tree, it will burn quicker and brighter than a sound one; and the neighbors of our Herr Proprietor, who knew very well that the Gurlitz people were in a bad way, and often jested about it, never thought that the fire which Pomuchelskopp—of course without meaning it—had kindled for his own destruction, might also happen to scorch themselves, and Gurlitz might be the bonfire, from which the whole region should be kindled. The Gurlitz laborers had taken to drinking brandy, because there was a distillery at the court, and they could have brandy on credit, through the week, to be deducted from their wages on pay-day, and they were in the habit of running to the city, to spend every shilling—spare or not,—at the shops in Rehnstadt, and here they had learned what was going on in the world, and the shopmen had also instructed them how it ought to go on in the world, and then they came home, and put their besotted ignorance together, and kindled it with their greedy wishes, till it rose up in blue flames, and their half-starved wives and children stood behind them, like ghosts, and they thrust in the splinters of the dry fir-tree,—that is, their poverty and distress,—and ran with them about the neighborhood, and so they had kindled even the honest, tough old oaks.

It did not blaze out openly, at first, there was much opposition to be overcome; there were well-meant words of intelligent people, there was the old depend-

ence, there was the recollection of former benefits, there was the eternal justice, which holds out long, even in a diseased soul, and presses its sting into the conscience, and all this fell like cold rain on the glowing embers, and kept the fire from blazing out, even in Gurlitz. Had they been able to read the souls of their masters, however, it would have blazed up merrily, for in Pomuchelskopp's heart the common hatred and the most pitiable cowardice strove for the mastery, for his good conscience had long ago taken leave of him, and he could not rely upon his former kind treatment. At one moment he would cry out in rage, "Oh, these wretches! I should only — There must be new laws made! What have I to do with a government that has troops, and will not let them march? What! My property is in danger, my government must protect my property." And the next moment he would call his Gustaving in from the yard: "Gustaving, you blockhead, why are you running about among the threshers, let them thresh as they please, I will have no quarrel with my people," and he turned to his Hännings, who sat there, stiff as a stake, her sharp nose and her sharp eyes turned steadily in one direction, and not even shaking her head, "Hännings," he said, "I know what you think, you mean I should let them see that I am the master; but it won't do, it really won't do, Klücking! we must be careful, we must be careful, with great caution we may possibly pull through."

Hännings said nothing to this advice, but she looked as if, for her part, she had no intention of acting upon it, and Pomuchelskopp turned to Malchen and Salchen: "Children, I beg of you, not a word of what is spoken here! Not a word to the servants! and be friendly to the people, and beg your dear mama to be friendly also. Lord knows, I have always been for friendliness!"

And then Malchen and Salchen began upon Hännings: "Mama, you haven't heard, you don't know what is going on everywhere. Johann Jochen told in the kitchen how the laborers' wives have scourged the proprietor Z. of X. with nettles. Mama, we must give in to them; it won't do."

"You are all fools," said Hännings, going out of the room: "Shall I be afraid of such a pack?" and she closed the door. But in this condition of supernatural, heroic courage, she stood quite alone, and without other help it was quite useless, for Muelch in his distress for the future,

would neither stir nor move, and the remaining members of this simple family, for once, sided with their father.

"Children," cried the father, "every one must be treated kindly. The confounded wretches! Who would have thought of this, three months ago? Philipping and Nanting, you must not beat the village children any more, and don't draw an ass's head on the back of old Brinkman's coat again! These rascals! But they are set on by that cursed Rahnstadt Reformverein, and by the Jews and the shopkeepers; but wait a bit!"

"Yes, father," said Salchen, "and Ruhrdanz the weaver has already joined the Reformverein, and the rest of the villagers will all follow his example; and it may be a bad thing."

"Good heavens, I should think so! But wait, I must get the start of them, I will join it myself."

"You?" cried the two girls, in one breath, as if their father had proposed to sit fire to his house and home, with his own hands.

"I must, I must! It will make me popular among the burghers, so that they will not excite the canaille against me; I will pay up the tradesmen's bills, and — yes, it must be done, — I will advance something to my day-laborers."

Malchen and Salchen were astonished, never in their lives had they heard father talk like that; but they were still more astonished when father went on to say, "And let me tell you one thing, you must be very civil to the Herr Pastor and the Frau Pastorin, — good heavens, yes! Mother won't do it — Hännings, what trouble you make me! The parsonage people can do us a great deal of good, or a great deal of harm. Ah, what can not a proprietor and a pastor accomplish, if they stand faithfully by each other, in these bad times! We must send them a friendly invitation; by and by, when it is quiet again, we can drop the intercourse, if it does not suit us."

And sure enough! After a few days Pastor Gottlieb received a note containing the compliments of the Herr and the Frau Pomuchelskopp — for old Hännings had given in on this point — to the Herr Pastor and the Frau Pastorin, and requesting the honor of their company to dinner. The man waited for an answer. Bräsig happened to be there, having come over to look after things a little. When Gottlieb read the invitation, he stood there, looking as if he had received a summons to the Ecclesiastical Consistory, to answer to

charges of false doctrine, or immoral conduct. "What?" he exclaimed, "an invitation from our proprietor? Where is Lining? Lining!" he called, out at the door. Lining came, read the letter, and looked at Gottlieb, who stood before her without a word, then she looked at Bräsig, who sat in the sofa-corner, grinning like a Whitsun ox. "Well," she said at last, "we cannot go, of course?"

"Dear wife," said Pastor Gottlieb, — he always called her "dear wife," when he wished to throw the weight of his clerical dignity into the balance, at other times he said merely "Lining." — "dear wife, you should not refuse the hand that your brother offers."

"Gottlieb," said Lining, "this is not a hand, it is a dinner, and the brother is Pomuchelskopp. Am I not right, Uncle Bräsig?" Bräsig said nothing, he only grinned, he sat there like Moses' David, when he had staked a lous-d'or, and waited to see whether clerical dignity, or good, sound common sense would turn the scale.

"Dear wife," continued Gottlieb, "it is written, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' and 'If thy brother smite thee on one cheek,' — — —"

"Gottlieb, that does not apply to this affair; we have no wrath against him, and as for smiting on the cheek, I am of Bräsig's opinion. God forgive me the sin! it may have been different in old times, but if it were the fashion now, there would be a great deal of grumbling in the world, for we should all go about with swollen cheeks."

"But, dear wife — — —"

"Gottlieb, you know I never interfere in your clerical affairs; but a dinner is a worldly affair, and one at the Pomuchelskopp's is more than worldly. And then, you quite forget, we have company. Isn't Uncle Bräsig here? And wouldn't you rather dine here to-day, with Uncle Bräsig, on pea soup and pigs' ears than at Pomuchelskopp's grand dinner? And they have not invited Mining either," she added, as Mining entered the room, "and they know that Mining lives with us."

This decided Gottlieb, he liked pea soup and was particularly fond of pigs' ears; and I must say that he thought highly of Uncle Bräsig, who had helped him so much and stood by him so faithfully, and one of his greatest clerical grievances was that such a man as Uncle Bräsig, whose life was so honest and honorable, had yet so little the outward demeanour of a Chris-

tian and churchman. So he declined Pomuchelskopp's invitation, but when they had sat down to their pea soup, and Bräsig came out recklessly with the information that he was really a member of the Rahnstadt Reformverein, Pastor Gottlieb sprang to his feet, regardless of the pigs' ears, and delivered a regular sermon against the Reformverein. Lining pulled him by the coat, now and then, telling him that his soup would be cold; but Gottlieb was not to be diverted: "Yes," he cried, "the vengeance of God has come upon the world; but woe to the men whom he chooses as the instruments of his vengeance!"

Since they were not in church Bräsig ventured to interrupt him, inquiring whom the Lord had chosen for the purpose.

"That is in the hand of the Lord!" cried Gottlieb. "He may choose me, he may choose Lining, he may choose you."

"He will not choose Lining and me," said Bräsig, wiping his mouth, "Lining fed the poor, in the year '47, and I have, for several weeks, declared for equality and fraternity in the Reformverein; I am no avenger, I wouldn't harm any man; but if I could get hold of Zamel Pomuchelskopp, then — — —"

Gottlieb was too excited to listen longer, and went on with his discourse: "Oh, the devil is going about the world like a roaring lion, and every speaker's stand, in these cursed Reformvereins, is an altar, on which sacrifice is offered to him; but I will oppose to this altar another; in the House of God I will preach against this sacrificing to devils, against these Reformvereins, against those false gods and their altars!"

With that, he resumed his seat, and ate, hastily, a couple of spoonfuls of pea-soup. Bräsig left him in quiet for a while; but when he saw that the young clergyman had come back to worldly affairs sufficiently to attack the pigs' ears, he said, "Herr Pastor, you are right in one point, the speaker's stand at Rahnstadt looks uncommonly like a devil's altar, that is to say, a cooling-vat from a distillery; but I can't say that sacrifices are offered to him upon it, unless Wimmersdorf the tailor does it, or Kurz, or your respected father, for he always makes the longest speeches, — no, don't interrupt me! — I was only going to say, so far as I am acquainted with the devil, and that is now a good many years, he would not meddle with the Rahnstadt Reformverein, for he is not so stupid."

"Gottlieb," said Lining, "you know I never interfere with your clerical affairs,

but you would surely not bring such a worldly matter as the Reformverein into the pulpit?"

Yes, he would, Gottlieb said.

"Well, then, go ahead!" said Bräsig, "but what people say, that of all men the pastors understand their business the best, is not true, for, instead of preaching in the people who don't go to church, you will preach out those who do go."

And Uncle Bräsig proved to be in the right, for when Gottlieb, one Sunday, preached with terrible zeal against the new times—of which, by the way, he understood about as much as if he had come into the world yesterday,—and against the Reformverein, and, the next Sunday, was going on with the business, only Lining and Mining and the sexton were there to hear him, for a few old spinning women, who sat here and there, were not to be reckoned in the audience, since they did not come on account of the sermon, but only for the soup, which they got on Sunday noons at the parsonage. So he went home, with his sermon and his women-kind, the old women followed with their soup-kettles, the sexton locked up the church, and Gottlieb felt like a soldier, who in his zeal has thrust his sword into the thick buckler of his enemy, and stands there without defence.

So the times were bad, all over the country, every one's hand was against his neighbor, the world was turned round, those who had something and had been boasters were become humble, those who had been counted wise were now thought foolish, and fools grew into wise men overnight; the distinguished were of no account, noble men gave up their nobility, and day-laborers were called "Herr."

But two things ran like a thread through all this confusion of cowardice and insolence, which had power to comfort and cheer. One thread was gay-colored, and when one came near enough, and could free himself from the common anxiety and the common greediness, he could find much amusement in it, that was the ludicrous side of human nature, which turned up so clearly; the other thread was rose-colored, and upon it hung everything with which one human being could make others happy, pity and compassion, sound common sense and reason, honest labor and self-denial, and this thread was love, pure human love, which is woven through the dull gray web of selfishness by helpful hands, as a token from God, that shall remain in the worst of times; and who knows but this stripe may grow broader and broader till the whole gray web turn rosy red, for this thread,—thank God!—is never cut off.

FLOATING ISLANDS IN VICTORIA.—Gippsland is a province of Victoria. It is bounded by the Australian Alps on all sides except on the south, which the sea washes for over 100 miles. It may be called the Piedmont of Australia, rich fertile plains intersected by rivers flowing into a lake system extending all along the coast, and separated from the sea by a sandy ridge, with one navigable opening. From a local paper, the *Gippsland Times*, I send the following description of "floating islands" on the lakes.

The alluvial deposit constantly brought down from the mountain ranges by the numerous rivers in this district, enables us to see a very decided process of land making continually going on, and thus teaches a useful lesson in geology.

"As one of the Gippsland Steam Navigation Company's steamers was recently crossing Lake Wellington, the man at the wheel suddenly observed land right in the track of the steamer, apparently only a short distance from the straits separating Lakes Wellington and Victoria. He called the captain's attention to the strange sight, and on coming up close, the land was discovered to be a small island, about thirty yards in length by twenty broad. It was covered with

a rich coating of luxuriant grass; and small trees, tea tree, and bush shrubs appeared to be growing in profusion. The only occupants of this remarkable apparition were a few pigs, feeding away contentedly and apparently enjoying their novel journey by water. A second island of the same description, but much smaller, was noticed a little farther on, but this had evidently detached itself from the larger piece of land, or most probably had been separated by the rooting depredations of the porkers. From what portion of the main land this floating island came, is, of course, matter of conjecture, but it is known that a portion of the soil at Marley Point, on the southern shore of Lake Wellington, became detached recently, and floated miles across the lake with some twenty or thirty head of pigs aboard. As long as the wind drove it in that direction, the island drifted towards M'Lennan's Straits, but a change of wind brought it back again, after a three days' trip, within a mile of the spot from which it had broken away. We believe it is the opinion of the district surveyor, Mr. Dawson, that the area of the Roseneath run, west of Lake Wellington, has been increased some twenty or thirty acres by the addition of drift islands."

From Good Words.
HOW WE ARE ALL NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

I SUPPOSE that there is no person, however strong-minded or wise-minded, who has not, at some time of his or her life, suffered grievously from being, as he or she would say, neglected. This worst of injuries, neglect, has been inflicted upon the greatest as well as the meanest of mankind. Those who have read the exquisite essays of Charles Lamb will recollect (for who can forget those essays who has once read them?) his charming essay on *Ellistomiana*. In that essay Lamb relates a most significant anecdote of his hero. A poor girl, of very humble pretensions, "a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamp's smoke," as he described her, had performed her meagre part to the dissatisfaction of the audience; had been hissed, and had refused to come on again. She was brought before the great Elliston, who was then manager of the Olympic Theatre. The manager at first spoke in general terms of blame to the unhappy culprit. She replied in extenuation, that the audience had hissed her. Then Elliston "gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation, exclaimed, "They have hissed me." And more he could not say.

Now, applying this story to our present subject, each of us must say, if brought into the Palace of Truth, "They have neglected me." Luckily for Shakespeare, we know but little of his life. I have no doubt, however, that even that great personage sometimes thought that he was neglected. An ingenuous critic, I think it was Mr. Hallam, has pointed out that there was a period in Shakespeare's life when he was evidently much dissatisfied with himself, with the world, and probably with his treatment by the world. I did not need the comments of this ingenuous critic to assure me of the fact in question. Such passages as —

"The learned pate ducks to the golden fool;
All is oblique" —

are sufficiently significant as to the state of Shakespeare's feelings at that period.

I think I have shown, or at least indicated, that this complaint of neglect is likely to be almost universal throughout the human race; and I have no doubt that it is as keenly felt in distant Tartary as it is in Kent, Surrey, or Sussex. It would, therefore, be a not unworthy enterprise to see if one could find out any mode of com-

forting ourselves when we are suffering from real or imaginary neglect — the latter condition being, as I contend, in the proportion of nine to one of the former.

In the first place, I maintain that there is no time for intentional neglect. This may seem at first to be a very bold proposition, and one which requires some explanation. What I mean is, that few people have the spare time in which they can show intentional neglect to others. Take the daily life even of the least engaged person. He has to live; and, in order to carry on life at all, there is a great deal to be done by him every day. You will find, if you examine the life of the least busy man of your acquaintance, of the man of whom you are prone to say, "He, at least, should have had time for remembering me," that he has really very little leisure at his disposal. His case, as regards spare time, resembles that of rich men as regards spare money. Even very wealthy people have often but little of that commodity. It is needful to have much tolerance for them as regards this matter of spare money, and for him as regards spare time.

But there is yet a much more subtle aspect of this question, and one which is of general application. It is not so much spare time that is wanted, as *spare energy*. We never hardly make sufficient allowance for that deficiency. The powers of human beings are very limited. Physiologists tell us that the brain can only undertake a certain amount of work in the day. Let us put the matter arithmetically: a man has the energy to propose to himself to do, and does accomplish the doing of seven things in the course of the day. You imagine that he could easily do an eighth — especially if it be such a simple thing as to write a letter, or to pay a visit of condolence to an old friend. But that eighth is really more than the man's energy can undertake to do, though it is fully in his heart to do it, and he has the intention of doing it "tomorrow." That "tomorrow," for which we leave so much to be done, does not come soon; and, when it does come, this unfortunate idea enters into the man's mind, "It is too late now; it will almost appear an insult if I write to my friend or go to see him so long after it (the matter for condolence) has happened."

I have spoken of *real* and of *imaginary* neglect; but there is a combination of the two which is most frequent, and often most fatal. In the case described above, the neglect was real: at the same time a thoroughly imaginary cause was probably attributed to it by the neglected person.

Whereas, the apparent neglecter is more ashamed than neglectful.

The truth is, that nine-tenths of what we suffer, either from real or supposed neglect, are caused by want of imagination on our part—or rather, by what I will venture to call an excess of partial imagination. I suspect that almost every human being performs an imaginary part in life's drama. But this part is by no means that of a supernumerary, or of an actor, upon whose sayings or conduct the tragedy or comedy turns but little. No: the play or the novel which each one of us is carrying on in his or her mind has an important hero or heroine; but that hero or heroine is assuredly himself or herself, and not anybody else. If we could but imagine the novels or the plays which other people are imagining for themselves, we should make great excuses for them as regards every part of their conduct; and especially we should not expect so much attention as we do from themselves to ourselves, seeing that we are but subordinate characters in their novel or their play.

I now pass from the more general discussion of the subject to particular instances. And, first, I take one of the most common forms of supposed neglect. Our friend rises in the world. New duties crowd upon him. New friends and acquaintances must inevitably be made; and each of these will make demands upon his spare time and energy. He has risen into a "higher sphere." We sometimes use this phrase ourselves somewhat maliciously, intimating that our friend has forgotten the denizens of the lower sphere in which we, alas! are compelled to abide. He, however, has but little thought about "higher sphere or lower sphere," but simply finds that he has a great deal more to think of and to do, and rather wonders (for he, too, is the victim of neglect) that his old friends do not seem to cluster about him, as was their wont in former and perhaps happier days. I will not dwell more upon this instance, because it is a case which has often been touched upon, and made the theme of many moralizings. I shall, however, venture to discuss an analogous instance, of which the analogy may not at first sight be evident.

It is the case of lovers. The lover is mostly a young man, generally a disengaged man (disengaged, I mean, in the way of business), or he makes himself disengaged for the time. They marry; and, the honeymoon once disposed of, there is, from that time, the entrance into another

sphere. I will not call it a higher or a lower sphere: secretly I think it is a lower sphere, for love is the one thing worth living for. However, we will describe it as the *sphere of necessity*, for such it mostly is. Now this sphere goes on widening and widening: notably so, and especially so, on the part of the man, though there is something similar on the part of the woman. I need hardly pursue this branch of the subject. I only brought it in to show that it was analogous to the former case, and should be treated accordingly. It is also one of the mixed cases of real and imaginary neglect. There is a little real neglect, if we must use that awkward word; but the loving person, who feels himself, or herself, to be neglected, is most times in great error, if he or she ascribes it to intentional neglect, or fails to class whatever neglect there may be under the head of neglect of necessity.

Now let us take an instance of a very different kind, which we will call neglect in literature. This neglect may be divided into two heads—the neglect which the young man of letters deplores, and which the veteran mourns over. In both instances the feeling is a most unreasonable one. As regards the young aspirant, he surely might remember that this supposed neglect is simple ignorance. He can't maintain that the world neglects that about which it knows nothing. He may look around him in all professions; and he must acknowledge, that to get a first hearing, a first acknowledgment of any talent you may have, is inevitably one of the prime difficulties in the world. With regard to the veteran, it is a more difficult and complicated case to explain. He, too, often feels that he is neglected, and is greatly surprised at it, for he has won his spurs, and cannot understand why any new feat of knightly enterprise is not at once noised, by sound of trumpet, throughout the world, which has long ago acknowledged his merits. He forgets that that very potent motive in the human mind is absent in his case—curiosity. To use a homely phrase, often to be heard in the city of London, whatever he may say or do, is, to a certain extent, "discounted." Moreover, this veteran in the Field of Literature, being somewhat tired of effort in the one direction in which he has been pre-eminently successful, must needs try his hand at some new form of endeavour. Now the busy world has, for some time, made up its mind about him and his performances. And it objects to having its convictions disturbed. Besides, it has a

rooted belief that no man can do two things of different kinds equally well.

So much for what I have called neglect in literature. Now comes neglect in office. To that word *office* I mean to give an extensive application. It is meant here to apply to all kinds of occupation in the way of business, wherein the person, whom I suppose to complain of neglect, can be employed. He often goes home, and complains in the domestic circle that nobody seems to recognize his services, whereas they all know how hard he works, and how devoted he is to his duties. I suppose him to be a very sensitive man; and there are many such whose experience of the world, long as it may have been, fails to harden. If one wished to comfort this man, one must say to him much of what I have said beforehand as regards the veteran man of letters. The merits of this good man in office are so fully recognized, that both superiors and inferiors have ceased to talk about them. It is an old story that he does his work well. People have something else to talk about — something new. "Yes," he replies, "but why don't I have my share of substantial rewards?" Often the rather awkward response must be made — "You fill your present office so well, that you cannot possibly be spared. Now you would not wish to fill it less well, would you?"

I admit that the foregoing seems to be a very ungracious rejoinder. It is, however, often true, and there is always some comfort in the truth, although unwelcome.

He should recollect, too, that in-door work — work done *intra muros*, as it has been called — is, of necessity, known but to few. It has no chance of popular applause. Often the better the work is done, the less likely it is to come to the surface, and to be appreciated by many people.

I now take up a most thorny branch of the subject: it is what I call neglect in society. There is an immense amount of misery (I scarcely use too strong a word) arising from social neglect. I am not sure that it does not outweigh all the rest. "Why am I not invited here? How is it that I was invited there last year, and now they seem to have quite forgotten the fact of my existence?" This is but one form of social neglect: it is myriad-formed. There is the neglect of salutation; the diminution of correspondence, the decrease of that companionship which used to be so long and so unwearied; but now it appears, as the neglected person peevishly exclaims, "He can hardly spare

a word to throw at me." What is to be said to all these poor, neglected people? I think you must show them that they often omit all consideration of the chief elements of human life — namely, time, space, money, trouble, illness, and adverse or hindering circumstances of all kinds. I will give an instance, apparently of a very trivial character, but which will serve as a good illustration of what I mean. A great lady, now, alas! dead, who of late years was the foremost entertainer of our time, and whose parties were certainly most successful, happened once to discuss the subject of invitations with the writer of this essay. After speaking generally of her difficulties, she said, "Now there is dear Lady —, one of my oldest and best friends; she has five daughters. I have known the girls ever since they were babies, and I like them all; but I am afraid I have vexed her by not asking all of them. If I ask them, I must ask others of the same age — members of large families; and our rooms, though tolerably big, are not palatial, and, unfortunately, are not stretchable, else and I am sure I would have all the young things; for I am very fond of them. But Lady — does not see how I am situated, and, I have no doubt, is much offended with me."

The moral of the foregoing instance is only this — that when we exercise our imagination, we should not make the central figures of our imaginings to be our own unworthy selves. The Christian maxim, to do as you would be done by, requires a great deal of imagination to carry it out thoroughly; for the difficulty is, not so much in subduing selfishness, as in imagining the circumstances in which your neighbour is placed, and so appreciating what he would wish and might fairly ask of you.

Now I will speak of neglect in friendship. The preceding observations about want of time, deficiency of energy, and dulness of imagination apply here. But there are also special considerations. Friends very often differ essentially in character. Of two friends, one has a steady, composed character, whose affections change but little, and who has no idea that other persons are perpetually suspecting a change of affection. The other, perhaps, is a man who requires to be constantly assured that he is as much loved and cared for as he was formerly by his friend. The first friend I have described has no notion of this, and fails to give, from time to time, the requisite assurances of loving friendship. Hence

there comes a coldness between the two. Again, and this is an almost universal case, there is an inevitable awkwardness in the meeting of friends, who, however firm their mutual affection, meet but rarely. It is as when a vase of any kind is very full, but has a narrow neck, and, even if you turn it upside down, only a few insignificant drops will come out, if but a short time is allowed for the pouring. It has always been noticed what unsatisfactory meetings those are which occur when two friends meet at sea, in ships going contrary ways. The ships heave-to, and there is an interchange of civilities between the passengers. The two friends who meet can hardly do more than exchange civilities, though, when the ships have parted company, there are many things that occur to each of the friends which he ought to have said to the other. A similar awkwardness, and poverty of thought and expression, occur in the meeting of friends, not only at sea, but in the streets of a great city or in crowded drawing-rooms; and the sensitive friend goes away and says that the other is beginning to neglect him.

There is a frame of mind which people, who deem themselves to be neglected, should greatly beware of. Jean Paul Richter says, "The first thing that we have to contend against and despise, in sorrow as in anger, is its poisonous enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labour of consoling ourselves, and to drive away by the effort of reason."

A similar remark is to be made with regard to neglect. If you wish to conquer the habit of mind which leads you to suppose that you are constantly being neglected, you must abjure the enervating sweetness of neglect, as Jean Paul counsels us to avoid the enervating sweetness of sorrow. Mawworm exclaims, "I like to be despised;" and many a person says to himself, "I like to be neglected." Not that he does like it; but this is a way of getting over some of the pain of it, namely, by dramatizing himself as a person usually neglected. There is a great deal of cleverness in this mode of reconciling oneself to a disagreeable position; but it does not answer in the long-run, for it induces the habit of considering ourselves to be neglected; and such a morbid state of mind never fails to bring its own punishment.

I have always thought that abstract statements, however just and true they may be, have comparatively little weight, and dwell but a short time in the memory, unless they are wedded with the concrete.

That is why I have ever striven to find some apposite facts in real life, or some short story which should illustrate any maxim I have ventured to lay down.

The simple story I am going to narrate affords, as it seems to me, a good illustration of much that has been said in this essay; and, indeed, it was the cause of my attempting to write the essay. The circumstances are much disguised, but the story is essentially a true one. It was told me by an official friend; and I give the anecdote in his own words.

"A sensitive, affectionate man, of much ability, well known in society, had come on a sudden rather prominently before the world. He had done, said, or written something which rather affronted the world. He had, we will say, taken the unpopular view of some great question, and found himself in a very small minority with only one or two other recusants of popular opinion. Shortly afterwards he came to see me. He was evidently much out of heart, and had a disappointed look. I soon found out what was the matter. His friends had on this occasion—a very important one, as he thought, in his life—neglected him. 'The Thanes fly from me,' was the burden of his complaint; and his Thanes, unlike Macbeth's, were, as he had supposed, loving friends. 'I don't blame you,' he said (I knew he did); 'you are a very busy man, and there is some excuse for you; but the others! You know that Jones and I were the most intimate college friends, and up to this time scarcely a week has passed without our seeing one another. I know, too, the fellow thinks as I do, only the world has pronounced against me, and there was always a little world-serving about Jones, I am sorry to say. As for Smith, his conduct is abominable. What will you say, my dear friend, when I tell you that Smith was the first person to put this thing into my head, and I have merely been carrying out his unblessed crotchets? Not a line from him, though; and he is not a busy man like you, but always mooning away his time in that study of his. Robinson, too, has behaved very ill to me. He is not a man whose opinion I value much; but I did think he was a firm friend, and would not like to see me abused, as I have been, in those confounded newspapers. Not a word from him! He might have looked in upon me some evening. We do not live so very far apart, but that Master Robinson might have made the journey of five miles. I never thought much of Brown, as a man

of any intellect; but still I imagined he was a hearty sort of fellow, and his very obstinacy would, I thought, have made him take the weaker side. Brown and I belong to the Direction of the same Insurance Office; he has contrived to be absent at our last two meetings. The chairman takes a different view from what I do in this matter, and I suppose Brown did not like to go against the chairman, though, in matters of business, he is a steady opponent to him, to show his independence. Green is the worst of all. You know how I pulled him through that very awkward affair of his. I must own that, hitherto, he has ever been most profusely grateful in word and deed, but his gratitude does not extend to battling with the world for a friend who is now himself in some trouble. Good heavens! how afraid you all are of this same world — so many millions of insignificant units — mostly fools.'

"To this tirade I replied, 'I am very busy now; let us go and dine at the "Garrick" next Saturday. We'll talk it over then.' I like dining at the "Garrick," and looking at the portraits of the great actors and actresses, about whom the last generation used to tell us such grand things. What play-goers they were, that last generation! How they knew their Shakespeare by heart. I remember an old gentleman whose favourite phrase, when he wanted to describe an ignorant man, was, 'Sir, he is as ignorant as dirt.' I ventured one day to ask the old gentleman where he got his simile. 'Young man, you don't seem to know your Shakespeare,' he replied, and true enough that simile is to be found in Shakespeare.

"My friend then withdrew, having a very sour aspect, sourer even than when he entered, thinking me no doubt frivolous, vexatious, and unkind. But I had some meaning in what I said.

"In the next few days I was not unmindful of my friend; and, as you may imagine, had, as they say in official life, some 'communications' with those unkind fellows, Brown, Green, Jones, Smith, and Robinson, with all of whom I had, luckily, some slight acquaintance.

"My friend and I met at the 'Garrick' at the appointed time. His countenance was mightily changed, and was, indeed, quite pleasant to look upon. I pretended to be entirely occupied in admiring the theatrical portraits. 'Do let me tell you before dinner,' he said. 'No, no,' I replied; let us have our dinner first, grievances afterwards.' 'But I must tell you,' he re-

joined; 'I've been the greatest fool alive. I am a calumniating scoundrel!' And then came out the whole story, which, of course, I knew before. There had been a real cause in each case for the non-manifestation of sympathy, that had been so bitterly felt by my poor sensitive friend. Jones had been desperately ill; there had been a death in Brown's family, which accounted for his absence at the two previous meetings of the Insurance Office; Robinson had gone to fetch his daughter from a school in Paris; Green had been in sore distress, but had not liked to apply again to his former benefactor.

"'I'll do my best for Green once more,' exclaimed my generous friend.

"There had been a marriage in Smith's family, which had occupied all their attention.

"In short, there were not merely excuses, but valid excuses, in every case, for the apparent neglect from which my friend had suffered so keenly.

"The best part of it was, that three out of the five thought that *they* had been neglected, and complained that they had seen nothing of him on occasions which were so important to them. All five vowed that his conduct had been most noble and disinterested, and that they entirely agreed with his opinion. The perfect sincerity of that statement I doubt a little; but my friend was quite satisfied with the truth of it. We had a most pleasant dinner at the 'Garrick,' for no one could be more agreeable than my sensitive friend, when he was not in one of his most sensitive moods. I was, however, left to battle out with him the original question of dispute; for I was unfortunately, one this occasion, of the opinion of 'those wicked newspapers.' But what did he care for me or for the newspapers, as he almost told me, now that he had his dear friends, Jones, Smith, Brown (Brown's intellect was much underrated by people who did not know him well), Green, and Robinson, entirely on his side, and on the side of right?"

It is needless to comment much on the foregoing story. It was, no doubt, a singular coincidence that all five of the sensitive man's friends should have had valid excuses for their seeming neglect. But, perhaps, it would be safe to assume that at least three-fifths of what we suppose to be neglect of ourselves are to be attributed to simple ignorance, on our part, of the circumstances of others. Not knowing where the shoe pinches, or that the shoe

pinches at all, we expect our friends to have no pain or difficulty in walking exactly in the path that we have laid down for them.

From All the Year Round.
IN DANGER IN THE DESERT.

In the spring of 18—, I was intrusted by government with some despatches of the greatest importance, to be carried from Damascus to the English political agent at Bagdad. The journey from Syria to Chaldea was, I knew from experience, a perilous one, whether performed on camel or horse, and with whatever escort; and, even if uninterrupted, would take me six full days. I was an old hand, and had not lived for months among Arab tribes without knowing that Russian spies, French agents, and Turkish robbers (in which comprehensive word I include all Turkish officials of whatever rank) would certainly brew me some trouble by the way, if they caught even the faintest inkling of the object of my journey. So I prepared accordingly.

The more poor, wretched, and forlorn a Desert traveller looks, the more likely he is to reach the end of his journey in safety. The Bedouin sees showy dresses, fine horses, and well-filled purses, as far off as the vulture can see a dead gazelle. Thoroughly impressed with this fact, the day before my departure I ferreted out the most dingy rag-shop in the narrowest and dirtiest street of the most filthy quarter of all Damascus. Seated there, cross-legged, beside the one-eyed, hunch-backed proprietor, I wrangled with him for two good hours over a ragged robe, patched with as many colours as Benjamin's garment. For this thing of shreds and patches, I paid the enormous sum of twenty piastres, or about half a crown English, and took care to get a formal receipt, flourished in goodly Arabic, the blessing of the pilgrim who kept the stall being thrown into the bargain. In addition I bought an enormous dirty red turban as big as a prize pumpkin, beneath which my long black hair fell down twelve inches long. I took care also to provide myself secretly with two little Derringer revolvers, and I further laid in two pounds of fine snuff, several cases of powder, some quinine, and a large bottle of castor-oil for the use of some Arab workmen employed in the town near Bagdad, to which I was ultimately destined. I next hired three

strong camels, and two camel-drivers, trusty Arabs, outlaws from some Desert tribe. My last step was one that may seem a singular one to my readers; but it was well intended, and it proved my salvation. After dusk I went to a Turkish officer whom I had known for years, and, to his infinite astonishment, borrowed a pair of handcuffs. All these arrangements completed, I presented myself before Her Majesty's representative, and from him I received every possible assistance in carrying out the minor arrangements for my dangerous undertaking.

At six A.M., while the city was still only half awake, I, with my two camel-drivers, started for the house of an English lady in the suburbs, who had kindly undertaken to store all my heavier luggage till I returned. This extraordinary woman, the modern Lady Hester Stanhope of Arabia, has been married no fewer than seven times. Her first husband was a well-known English nobleman; the present is an Arab sheik, the chief of a powerful Bedouin tribe between Bagdad and Damascus. Shaking hands with Lady —, I remounted my camel, and pushed on straight for Tadmor, once Palmyra, the magnificent city of palaces, but now a ruined heap of broken pillars, the abode only of the jackal and the snake. We had scarcely ridden a mile through the palm-groves and corn-fields before a clatter of quick hoofs made me look round, and a sight fitted for a land of romance, mystery, and enchantment met my eyes. The lady I had just left, escorted by a gentleman, who proved to be a Knight of Malta, came galloping after me to guard me half way to Tadmor. It was one of the sudden, generous, and chivalrous caprices of this strange person, whose heart misfortunes and faults had still left warm, kindly, and full of womanly tenderness. Her body-guard was as strange a one as if she had been an enchantress of the times of Al Raschid. It consisted of half dozen thorough-bred Bedouin colts of the royal race; they were without saddles or bridles, and were playing and skimming round her, like butterflies round a flower. Beautiful creatures, light-footed as deer, playful as monkeys, they chased each other round their mistress, and the moment she called them by name, stood stock-still in a wondering but obedient circle, or came thrusting their noses into her hand for the customary cakes. To some of those pets she had given Arab names, but others were christened, playfully or sarcastically, after English celebrities. Two of the finest of

her equine attendants were Palmerston and Pitt, the most ill-tempered and kickings was Ellenborough.

We arrived at night at a village, outside which my servants pitched our tents, which were easily built up with a sheet or two, and a few palm-sticks; and there, like gypsies or Irishmen at a fair, we had our meal and our coffee. Before long the beauty of the lady's escort began to attract attention.

The village being on the outskirts of the Desert, the men were nearly all excellent judges of horse-flesh, and they at once set us down as horse-stealers, on our way to sell our spoil to the Bedouins. In vain we assured them that the colts were not to be sold. Still they kept asking the price of this and that one, and patting and pinching them with a true horse-dealer's unction, believing my strenuous denials to be nothing but the coquetry generally practised by all dealers on would-be purchasers. At last I quieted my somewhat troublesome friends by getting them in crowds round me, and telling them the latest news from Europe, and assuring them, to their infinite delight, that the Turkish government would not last long.

I need scarcely say that for the lamb we eat, the dates we needed, the milk, honey, and the corn for the camels and horses, we paid as liberally and as scrupulously as if we had been in Europe. This seems a foolish fact to mention, but in that Syrian village such a proceeding was by no means a matter of course. So little, indeed, a matter of course, that the whole village was roused by the news of such justice and generosity. A great surprise awaited us, which impressed this astonishment sufficiently upon us. After supper, in the cool of the evening, I was sitting at my door, when I heard in the distance drums and dervish flutes approaching; presently, behind a crowd of excited Arabs, waving sticks and swords, came a litter borne by six people, and on the litter, like a prisoner on a stretcher, lay a very old white-bearded man, the sheik of the village. He was four-score and ten he told me, and he had never before known any traveller who came there to pay for anything he took. He had, therefore, ordered his servants to carry him before he died, to see the wonderful man who paid his way, so that he (the sheik) might give him his blessing, and then return home and depart in peace.

The old man spoke well and wisely. He

had reflected much, through all his life confined to so narrow a sphere. He said to me, with much pathos: "I have seen nothing in this world but wickedness. The Turks seize all we have in the name of Allah and the sultan. I am very old, fourscore and ten, nearly blind, and dying fast, yet I would make them bring me here to see the man who paid for what he and his horses and camels wanted, for I never saw a man before who really feared Allah and showed justice to his fellow-man." He was certain I could not be a Turk, he knew I was not an Arab — of what nation was I?

I replied, smiling, that I found it difficult to tell him, for I was born in Ireland, educated in Rome, and brought up in England.

He replied, that England must be a glorious country, where, though a woman governed, every one could obtain justice. "Here we," said he with a sigh, "poor wretches, on the frontier of the Desert, in a land of barbarism, although living between two of the most ancient cities of the East, are slaves from our birth to our grave. We are governed in the name of the sultan, and we are robbed in his name. The Turks reduce us to beggary and our children to shame. There is no redress. Old and respected as I am," added the old sheik, "if I were to dare to petition at Damascus or Bagdad against any acts of injustice, in three days the village would be razed to the ground, and I should, perhaps, be beaten to death, in spite of all the men I could arm. Yes," said the old man, his eyes lighting up with almost youthful fire, "it will be a happy day for Syria when the Russian legions cross the frontier, and summon us all to rise, for the Turks are only fit to be slaves, and the day of their fall must come."

The next morning at daybreak I fired a pistol as a signal for starting. Lady — was asleep, surrounded by her horses, her tent-door guarded by the gallant Maltese chevalier, who carried a drawn sword in his hand. My first proceeding was to wash my face with water in which a lemon had been squeezed, the best of all precautions, next to the dry Desert air, against ophthalmia. After breakfast I supplied myself and my two camel-drivers with sufficient bread, water, grain, cheese, and dates for six days. We were soon ready to leave the village for all the dangers of the lonely, melancholy waste, that has known no change since the Creation. But already my enemies were on my track. Two Turks, French and Russian spies,

accompanied by a renegade Arab, had made their appearance in the village, and changing their horses for camels, pushed on for the Desert, to give notice, as I afterwards found to my cost, of my approach. I suspected them, but I merely exchanged the ordinary Oriental salutations as they passed and said nothing. Off they strode, and disappeared in the burning sunshine.

At eight o'clock I parted from Lady —, and proceeded on my way, my faithful compass my only guide. We soon left behind us the village, our camels starting at the rate of about three miles an hour, which they quickened, as they acquired confidence and a knowledge of the ground, to about four miles an hour. At the third hour we turned off the right track, about five miles to the right, in order, if possible, to overtake the spies, or at least to elude the vigilance of others who might be behind us. About five o'clock all habitations of man, all green or golden patches of sesame, millet, or oats began to disappear, and half an hour before sundown we reached the outskirts of the actual Desert, by no means a mere plain of sand, but a grey ocean, with moss and thorny shrubs that seemed to float upon its surface.

That I may not appear to exaggerate in the smallest degree the dangers into which I really fell, I must here explain to my readers that the trusty servants whom Lady — had recommended to me were not outlaws in a bad sense. The Bedouins expel men from their tribes for the violation of their most trifling laws. They would expel an Arab, for instance, for contracting himself to a daughter of the tribe without her father's consent, or a youth who, discontented with a promised dowry, contracted himself to another maiden. His life being in danger for these not very tremendous sins, a man so compromised generally takes refuge in flight. It is this reason why there are so many Arabs now living in stone houses on the shores of the Persian Gulf, who have abandoned the customs of the race of Ishmael.

Of this class of more or less harmless Bedouin outlaws, Damascus contains some thousands. But the worst robbers and murderers in the Desert are the outlaws of the outlaws, rascals expelled from the stationary Arabs, who then turn wild and ride forth into the Desert to live by bloodshed and murder. The real Bedouin, born and bred in the Desert, is seldom cruel except to the Turk, and then only in retaliation for old cruelties, or to satisfy old grudges.

After pushing three miles in the straight course to Tadmor, I turned about a mile from my course and settled for the night, making holes about three feet deep, according to the Desert custom, for the fires, so that our pursuers, if there were any, should not see the flame by night. We set up our tents with spears, as the night air in the Desert, even in summer, is cold, especially when the wind is blowing from the Persian Gulf. The night dews also are very heavy. We then "hobbled" our camels, took some food, and went to sleep. After four hours' rest we started again, and continued without interruption till noon the next day; we then again alighted, prepared our fires to enjoy our usual coffee, having first fed our camels, and given them a bottle of English beer each, from a small stock I had brought with me from Beyrouth. After two hours' rest we proceeded about three miles, till we reached a broad tract of damp sand, stretching for a space of about twenty miles long and twenty broad. Certain that I should find running water, I got off my camel and dug my spear down a depth of about nine feet, but no water would come, though the moisture clearly enough proved that it was to be found at no great distance.

At first, to my surprise I saw no animals here, where I should have expected gazelles to be numerous, but after a few minutes a large hawk flashed between my camel and that of one of my Arabs. At the same moment I heard a hare screaming like a child. The female hawk was up in the air, about fifty yards over head, watching the prey, ready to swoop down if it cowered, or to turn it back to its pursuing mate. The poor frightened hare, seeing death near, scuttled into a hole in the sand for protection; but, poor thing, she was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for she reappeared in a moment, and fell dead close by me. She had been bitten by a snake. In an instant I was off my camel digging up the hole with my spear, and soon secured the snake in a bag, thinking it might be of some use to me hereafter. I firmly believe my poor Arabs thought me mad for troubling myself at all about either hare or snake. Very soon after this things began to look black, for we came on fresh camel tracks, both in front of us and to the right of us. The spies had been too quick for me. The tracks were fresh, although the wind was blowing, a sure proof that they were not far before us, probably on their way to the wells at a Slebi station, so I pushed on, as once at the wells, no one dare molest us.

These Slebis are a mysterious people, and no one has yet discovered from whom they are descended. In fact, they are neither Bedouins, Turks, nor Jews. There are none of the lost tribes among them. They are neither Mahomedans nor devil worshippers, but worship the one God. They neither rob nor plunder, but dwell in stationary tents, possess vast flocks of white and black sheep, and seldom fight, except, occasionally, among themselves. These good people are most hospitable, and devote their lives to maintaining the wells for the use of travellers. The only wants of these simple-hearted people are grass and water. They have no chiefs. They are the missionaries of the Desert, a brotherhood self-organized to relieve distressed travellers, especially Europeans.

We spent the night with these worthy people, whom even robbers will not molest, and after filling our bags with water and grain for the camels, at three o'clock in the morning we steered straight for Bagdad. We rode on unmolested, and neither saw nor heard anything of the spies or of our pursuers. We were not, however, to escape, and we had not gone far before we came upon fresh tracks in the sand. Our enemies were just ahead. Another moment, and they would be upon us. There was great need of caution. I at once ordered my men to strike off a mile to the right. We then halted, threw down our camels, gagged them with blankets, tied their legs, and raised a circular heap of sand round them to hide them from any watchful enemy. We took some food, and gave our camels corn, and a half ration of water: having slept a couple of hours, we now turned back to the wells, where we had been the night before, and from there steered straight for Koubisseh, the frontier town.

We had not been half an hour on the new road before we heard a savage cry, more like the howl of a flock of pursuing wolves than the shout of men, and horsemen appeared bearing down on all sides of us. It was the war-cry of Bedouin robbers, who had been hired to intercept us. There were twelve of them, as savage and diabolical cut-throats as ever hemp was grown for. My men seized their double-barrel guns and were eager for resistance. Three or four of the rascals shot, the rest might fly, and besides, our first bullets expended, we had still our spears. But this was not in the plan of my campaign. I was on a mission, as I well knew, of peace, and I was resolved not to shed blood except at the last extremity. Now was the

time for the handcuffs. I had my strategy ready to overcome the difficulty. Quickly I told my men to lock the handcuffs on me, and represent to the robbers that I was a mad soldier whom they were ordered to take home to his friends at Bombay via Bagdad. My men were faithful and prompt. They did as I told them. In a moment the thieves dashed up, brandishing their spears. They instantly noticed me, naturally enough, for I was dancing an insane hornpipe, and asked eagerly why I was manacled. My men said, "Don't be afraid, it is a madman we are taking to Bassorah, and he would kill himself if he was not in handcuffs." They then gathered round me, as if I were a new sort of animal, and asked me if I spoke Arabic. My men, with pardonable mendacity, replied they did not know, on which I began jabbering nonsense in Arabic, and begged the robbers, as good fellows, to take my irons off and keep me from those camel-drivers, who had deprived me of liberty for no reason at all. The robbers at once took me for a madman. "Ragh el Allah!" (God's own holy man), they call an insane person, and they fear and reverence such unfortunate men as specially inspired by Heaven, though not always with intelligible prophecies. The chief, a murderer from his boyhood I was sure, called for the key of the handcuffs. "Quick!" he said; "you rascals take off the irons from the Lord's own man." Then threatening my men, who pretended to be reluctant, the thieves all dismounted, and sat down to examine my saddle-bags to see what they could find there worth carrying off. The robber sheik, a hideous rascal, more like an ogre than a man, with a flat nose, huge mouth, and staring, bloodshot eyes, was the first to rummage. The first thing he pulled out was a frieze coat of mine. They had no tents, and it was often cold camping in the Desert. The sheik at once fell in love with this old friend of mine. He had no patience to study how it should be worn, and at once drove his legs through the sleeves, in which they wedged fast. The tails he flung over his shoulder with a puzzled look at his admiring and envious followers. I could not help roaring with laughter, his gestures of discomfort were so irresistible. Knowing that no one would touch the madman, I got behind the entangled sheik, and pushed him over; then, with a yell, I ran at one or two others, thin slight fellows, I could almost have thrown over my head, and pushed them down. The rest only laughed at my gambols, and at the discomfiture of their

angry comrades. The sheik tried harder than ever to adopt himself to his new costume, and floundered about like a man in a sack race.

"What do you call this robe?" he cried out, angrily, to me. "I can't get my legs in it or out of it. I never could ride about the Desert here, Hadji, in this; it is only fit for a priest, and you see I can't walk in it either. Here, Achmet, bring your knife and cut me out."

Achmet, a great hairy giant of a Kurd, produced a most bloodthirsty huge knife, ripped open the sleeves of my poor frieze coat, and liberated the bewildered sheik.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "people in England ride about in such things as that?"

I assured him they did, and then rolled on the ground, laughing at his mistake.

"What it is to be a fool!" said the spearmen to each other, pitying me. "Thank God we are not the favoured of Heaven! Allah be praised! Let's see, sheik, what else is in the bags."

I then implored them to give me the handcuffs, for fear the men who were with me should get hold of them again, and I promised them my blessing, which was worth two camels, adding, in Irish, just to relieve my feelings, "Success to all honest men, and the nearest gallows for all rogues." When I had got hold of my handcuffs, and had hidden them safely away, the thieves made me sit down with them in a circle, and explain to them the contents of my own saddle-bags.

"Mille diaoul," thought I, "if you trust to me, you shall learn all about them, bad cess to ye."

The first thing they pulled out was my big bottle of castor-oil, which the sheik held admiringly up till the fat liquid gurgled inside.

"What's this, Hadji?" he said, with eyes gloating upon the oily liqueur.

I kept my face, and replied humbly, "Beled Franghi" (white honey from Europe).

The wretches' cruel eyes glistened. Every lean brown hand was at once stretched towards the transparent bottle. They held a council as to which was to have the first draught. By a sublime effort of self-denial, the sheik at last divined that it was only respectful that I should begin. Yes, I had the rascals now. I declined, saying I had been drinking rather too much of it lately, but I drew the cork for the chief, and passed him the bottle. He was bent on a good gulp, and his mouth opened in anticipation like a young shark's. After a

deep draught, he passed the bottle on to the one next him in the circle round the fire. It was getting dark, and the thieves were too eager for their turns to look at their companions or to utter a word. There was no remark till the last man had drained the bottle; then the sheik began to curse and spit, and the others then spit and cursed worse than he did.

"Do you call that honey from Europe?" said one.

"It is not even sweet," said a second.

"It is accursed, most accursed," groaned the deeply-compromised sheik. He would not forget that honey for six months.

"What bees those must be!" moaned Achmet; "if I had them I'd thrash them to death. Come, let's try the other things," and he began to experimentally munch one of my candles, which he hardly appreciated, though at first he shouted:

"By Allah, here is mutton fat!"

But the others eat away with more approval. Then the chief shouted for coffee, and honoured my sanctity by giving me the first basinful. They now prepared for sleep, but my revenge was not yet complete.

I had still something in store for them, as they lay rolled up in front of the camels. I remembered I had powder stowed away, which the robbers had not yet found. I went to my servants and told them to get sticks, and run and beat the nearest bushes, declaring they had seen a snake six feet long. They at once raised a shout. The robbers instantly leaped up and took their spears to help in the search. I took advantage of the moment. I dug a hole and buried under the sand six tins, with several pounds of powder in each. In a few minutes the men came back, declaring they could not find the snake, and began to re-light their fire. They then laid themselves down in the Bedouin way in their goatskins, with their feet to the flame and their faces to Mecca. I called my servants away, and removing to a respectful distance from the fire, watched patiently for the effect of my small gunpowder plot. My servants knew nothing of what I had done. For twenty minutes the fire burned cheerfully in the centre of the ring of sleepers. Then came an explosion such as the Bedouins had never before heard or seen; it came like a volcano and earthquake combined, with a roar and rush of fire, a storm of embers tearing up the sand for six feet round where it burst, driving the sleepers here and there, as if a shell had broken to pieces in the midst. The robbers flew in all directions shouting and scream-

ing, or falling on their faces before the supposed fire from heaven, praying Allah to avert the deserved punishment that had fallen on their heads for plundering a poor holy madman. I ran after them laughing, asking what was the matter, as I had heard nothing. "Not heard it?" said the men, who were plastered all over with clay; "why, there was a noise ten thousand times louder than the loudest thunder, and the flame sprang out at us like fiery snakes ten feet long." They then knelt all round me, struck their foreheads to the ground, and prayed my forgiveness, promising in the name of the Holy Prophet, never again to molest God's most holy man. To end all this I had to give the infernal rogues my blessing a second time all round.

They now agreed to take me to the nearest Slebi well on the road between Medina and Bagdad. On our way we crossed the bed of a brook. Now every tribe in the Desert has its own cipher, secret mark, or emblem, and its own flag. Lagging behind at this point I got off my camel. I wrote my name in full in Arabic, with words indicating that I was in the hands of robbers, and had gone on a certain route. I had once lived among the El Defir, a powerful tribe in this neighbourhood, and I knew well that if any of their horsemen or scouts passed that ford within the twenty-four hours, they would instantly set their spearmen on my track.

When my worthy captors arrived at the Slebi station, they never said a word to those good people about having robbed me. They merely said that I was a poor forsaken madman whom they had found wandering in the Desert, and they suggested that any food and protection afforded me would as certainly bring a speedy blessing on the heads of the hospitable Slebis as it had done on their own. The Slebis, who show toleration to all, and do not merely talk of it, and who are Christians in actions, though not in words, at once prepared a meal for the ill-favoured rascals, whom they no doubt more than half guessed to be lying robbers and murderers. They made a huge bowl of porridge for us, and I was placed at the head of the circle on a bag of meal, the seat of honour. The tent in which we were seated was one of a row of black camel's-hair tents which opened one into the other, and would hold at least two hundred persons. Before our meal was half over, a Slebi rushed into the tent screaming:

"We are lost, the El Defir are coming

down on us like locusta. Their army is close at hand; they are going to attack us." It was my tribe; they had seen what I had written. I looked at the robbers, their gibbet faces were perfectly livid. They felt already the camel's-hair rope pressing their weasands. The chief dropped his spoon. Between Achmet's blubber-lips the porridge smoked unswallowed. Five minutes after, nearly a thousand mounted spearmen had surrounded our tent, and were calling out for the robbers, and for Hadji el Hur, whom the thieves had made prisoner. Another moment the black curtain of the tent-door was lifted, and the chieftainess strode in. It was the daughter of the sheik, who, in the absence of her father was governing the tribe, and glories in this opportunity of doing me a service. I shall never forget the bewilderment and horror painted on the faces of the robbers as they stared from her to me. I recovered my senses with extraordinary rapidity.

"Behold!" she cried to the swarthy men who surrounded her, "behold a member of your own tribe. This is Hadji el Hur, who is a prince of Europe"—prince, indeed!—"and Allah has sent me here to save him. Hang those robbers at once. Bind them hand and foot. We have long wanted these men, for they are of the race of Satan."

The frightened wretches threw themselves grovelling down and kissed my feet. "Save our lives, Hadji," they cried, "we did you no harm."

"No," I said, "Leila, there shall be no blood shed. I am here on a mission of mercy and peace. Forgive these wretches. Remember that your tribe also plunder and prey. In future let these accursed rogues be merciful to poor travellers, as I have been to them. Perhaps before they die they may repent of their misdeeds, and show charity to those more miserable than themselves. Take away their camel, get them two asses to carry water, and let them tramp over the Desert on foot till they can find some refuge, and pray for the day to come when no Desert tribe shall rob or hinder the inoffensive traveller."

Off on their somewhat hopeless pilgrimage trudged the robbers, and in half an hour my tribe had pitched their tents. Lambs were killed—we ate, sang, and danced, "so merrily, three days of Thalaba went by." At the end of that holiday we mounted our camels, the friendly tribe escorting me two hundred miles towards Bagdad—which city I eventually reached in perfect health and safety.

From Good Words.
“QUEER JEAN.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH.”

TWO PARTS.—I.

A CLERGYMAN I met the other day said he had always thought there was less poetry in poverty than I had made to appear. I hinted that the correctness of that opinion turned on the definition of “poetry,” which often was considered to be no more than the ornate expression of exaggerated sentiments or unreal fancies. He then suggested to me that fustians and unbleached home-spuns, strained muscles and scanty fare, the stint that comes from the want of a shilling, waste of life through want of food, death made gall and bitterness by the thought of dear ones left unprovided for, while real enough, were wanting in the picturesque, and quite as apt as other matters to be made the subjects of picturesque ideal. I confess I have not thought out these things. My tales of earth’s poor ones are the portraiture of human hearts and human suffering, blended with such glimpses of human gladness as God vouchsafes to earth’s humblest sons and daughters—pictures as true as I can make them. There is no unreality at least in the poetry of poverty, I think. As bigotry, in its highest-handed and cruellest day, evolved the noblest heroism; so poverty, here and there, when ruling hardest, touches bruised hearts with tenderest emotion, quickens poor souls with keenest hopes and fears, evokes the noblest self-devotion, and exercises a magnanimity such as you or I dare not pretend to, even such as doeth all it can, giveth all it hath.

But if poverty has such features, noble as humanity may exhibit, most certainly it has its peculiar blemishes, foul blotches on the fair humanity, outcome of eternal corruption unmodified, sore wounds and bruises, wages of crass and reckless ignorance, shameful, sorrowful sins, scarce hidden from the light. Thus, poverty hath its heroes not a few—its victims many. Sometimes victim and hero are blended in one poor sinning, suffering, sacrificing, lovable soul.

See here, in our back street, is Jean Campbell, seated in her door in the evening sun, with children beside her—two. She is a common-place woman for the eye to rest on, untidy, as women of her class generally are; as tanned and yellowed by sun-glow and dirt as they; with face not much expressive of either thought or feeling—

just like the faces that lowly labour and uncomplaining suffering have given to her common sisters. Perhaps, when she turns her eyes to you, you may see in them something more than common. Hard work and sunshine and sorrow may dim the eye—most god-like feature of the face human—but cannot utterly quench its light, save by its total extinction in the darkness of death. And poor Jean’s shines to you with a lambent light, feeble, doubtless, but still mingling fire with its bashfulness; a fitful, flickering light, changing from beams distinct that tell of courage and strength to dare much, to watery gleams that acknowledge suffering for conscious wrong.

Is there poetry in her poor tale? Nay, friends; but it has somewhat of sadness and sin, still more of humble self-sacrifice. Shall I shock you if I tell of sin? What, although it has been washed with many tears, purged with dire suffering and humiliation? Let it not be so. Let pure hearts told of wrong and shame, abounding in earth’s lowly places, not be hardened and sealed up, albeit the spring and root of the woe is sin. Nay, learning thus that the plaint of the poor sinner is rising continually from the dingy surface of earth to the ear of the God of all life, rather believe ye, whom He has enlightened and blessed with many blessings, it is His will that pure hearts sympathize with the poor erring ones, that ready arms be stretched forth to succour—perhaps to save, that, doing thus, is most to be like Him.

Well, who is or was she? Boots it much to tell who she was? Oh, you are sure that, however she has erred and gone astray, this poor sheep had at first its homefond; that a mother’s heart yearned over her with more or less of a mother’s special joy, when the dawn of her poor life first flushed in its crimson pain; that a mother tenderly fondled her while yet her life lay in the mother’s breast, and exulted over the toddling wee thing when first it tottered at her knee. Yes, nature is very bountiful, giving the humblest of us the treasures of a mother’s love. But I will not bore you. I will tell my tale.

Her birth, although lowly, was not inauspicious. She was the daughter of old Campbell, “the pensioner,” who dwelt on the south side of the village main street, hard by where it opens out into the Square. I remember him well, with his thin hair iron grey, his erect, spare figure, and his old trousers of regimental tartan. He was a native of the village, had mar-

ried while in the service a Scotch woman, but a stranger here, and his pension was thirteenpence a day. A great matter was the pension, making him somewhat independent, giving him quite the appearance of a man with a competency in the eyes of our labouring people. But, as he had a wife and two children, he was fain to eke out his income by work, binding sheaves and helping the ingathering of the grain at harvest, wielding the thudding flail in winter and spring, a keen scythe at hay harvest. When not thus occupied, he frequented the river bank with the wily fly or deadlier bait to lure the stream trout. A peaceable, sober man he was, seemingly of even temper, orderly, regular in his pew in the parish church with his children and with their mother, who reflected his ways and manners in her neat person and her tidy home. It was, indeed, rumoured, apparently on the authority of those who knew him in days long gone by, that his youth had been marked by lawless irregularities, culminating in a poaching affair and a spree; after which he disappeared from the village, and enlisted. If this was true, no doubt years of discipline had had effect, and broken him into the order-keeping man I knew.

As I have said, he had two children, of whom the elder was this Jean Campbell, the younger a boy some fifteen months her junior. They were sprightly children, not pretty, as I think, but with keen faces, and dark brown eyes that flashed out inward restlessness, such eyes as it disturbs me to look into, so full are they of wayward light and unrest. On summer evenings these children were to be seen together, tidily and cleanly clothed, in the barefooted group that skipped, or in the silent ring that played at drop the kerchief, or that, jocund, danced "round by jing-go-ring." Indeed, they never were apart; for the girl, as senior, carefully, steadfastly watched over "the boy," dusting his clothes when he fell in the dusty way, soothing him when he came by more serious mishap, satisfying his desires with the largest "pieces"—in all things yielding to him. Thus they had their years of schooling together, and how happy are homes in the children's school-days, when, resonant with the children's glee, they satisfy all the desires of the hearts that know not, have not dreamed of roaming. In those peaceful, sunny days it was that the old soldier, "stinting back and belly," as he said himself, saved up the twenty odd pounds that made the cottage he lived in his own, and made him, more

than before, a man regarded of his neighbours.

But as the children grew up, the veteran's shoulders began to curve and his chest to sink, and a cough set upon him in the mornings. No longer did he grasp the scythe with the eager strength of former days; the flail struck listlessly when he held it. Not that he was a very old man. Other causes than age may stoop the back and relax the muscles; but come it whence it might, there was the fact, that now he was not fit for the occasional labour needed to make his pension equivalent to comfort. What remedy was there save that the girl of seventeen should go into the corn-rig with her sickle? that at eighteen, like her compeers, she should be enrolled as a regularly hired worker? Indeed, the father did not prompt her thus to seek constant labour. She had another motive. The father had proposed that Ned, his son, should bethink him of a trade, and the lad had peremptorily refused. He would not be a tradesman. He had left school, and, following the paternal tastes, had taken to angling. His ambition was to be a gamekeeper. Meantime he was willing to enact the gillie, or message-boy, or stable-boy—anything rather than steady work. If they thwarted him, then he would follow his father's steps and would list. And father and mother set so much store on this only son, that they were silent when thus he threatened. They had great horror at thought of his "going for a sodger." Jean, too, fondly, foolishly regarded the youth, preferring him still in all things, just as she did long ago when he would quarrel about the oat-cake. So they temporized, and meantime he fished and roamed about, and that he might be more free to roam, that the burden of feeding and clothing him might bear less heavily upon the old folk, Jean would and did become a field hand. But, working nigh to the village, her father's house was still her home. Thither she brought her allowances of meal and other food-stuffs, great helps to the household economy; thither also in due time she brought her wages, stinting herself in the matter of clothing that their Ned might have better boots and garments withal.

Without the counsel or knowledge of his parents, the wayward lad became an habitual frequenter of the stables of the village inn. There if he picked up a traveller's sixpence, he learned to win the plaudits of the stablemen by devoting the coin to drink, a long step towards the commencement of an improvident life. At

length in his eighteenth year, in the autumn, when there was a demand for horses and carriages at shooting-quarters, he engaged himself to attend to a horse and dog-cart, hired out to the shooting-party at Heathcote of Howe.

But having thus engaged himself, his sense of propriety made a coachman's top-coat indispensably necessary for him, that not only might he be comfortable, but that he might bear the outward aspect and dignity of a coachman. It would cost fully three pounds. So home he went and stated his need to his mother,—she must provide this gorgeous garment for him,—and the mother stated the case to her husband. He had no money, and would find none for the purpose. Indeed he had no favour for his son's vocation. Ned would pay it back when he got his wages, the mother urged, but the veteran was not to be moved. "Let him win his fee first; syn he'll hae pleasure in the spendin' o' it."

Then the lad turned to his sister, when she came from her day's work. She must help him in his fancied strait, he knew she would. And she was fain to help him, fain in the same spirit that since her childhood had prompted her to prefer him in everything. But she had no money; and how was she to help him? "Winna ye try tae git the marchan' tae mark it?" he entreated; and she did try. The merchant would trust her if only she signed "a line to her master" for payment of the price at Martinmas term. She would do anything to satisfy the want of this brother, who stood by her saying, "I'll gie ye, Jean, the money whene'er I git ma ain paey." So the merchant wrote the order, and the girl signed it, and the youth got the coveted drab overcoat, and went forth to the stables "as became a coachman," and in due time went with his horse and dog-cart to Heathcote, elated and vain. But the father grumbled and the mother complained of this deed of their daughter, which spent her little earnings before they were won.

In a few days, however, the lad came into the village, driving his smart trap, and accompanied by the gamekeeper, and charged with the disbursement of several pounds in purchase for his masters. With the keeper he called at his father's cottage. He looked so smart and "brave," and the old man had so much talk with the keeper on the subject of fly-hooks and what not, that he forgot his antipathy to Ned's present calling. He sent out Mrs. Campbell with sixpence and with a bottle "to

bring in a dram," to treat the son and his friend. "Wha kens but Ned may rise in the way he wishes tae? He must begin low like ither lads, if he be tae climb," said the parents, fondly setting their hearts to hope the best for the lad they loved.

The two shooting months passed, and the lad returned to his home with his four pounds of wages, but he gave no part of them to sister or parents. He needs must have gayer clothing — tight kerseymere corded trousers, and the like. He must also have a fishing-rod and tackle of his own. Yet did not the sister complain, did not wound him by reference to his broken promise, but went on her way of dull and daily toil, although now the whole balance of the money wage which her half-year's labour would yield her was only to be ten shillings. Indeed, I fear there was in both brother and sister a mental peculiarity, which in the lad took the active form of reckless waste, in the sister the form of mute endurance and promptness to postpone herself and her desires to gratify those she loved.

Ned's friend the gamekeeper came to visit at the cottage, and had Ned for a week to stay at Heathcote; and in November the man was much in the village, and, the days being short, he sometimes stayed over night. Thus he came to see Ned's sister — to see her and to fancy her. I have said that Jean was no beauty. Hers was one of those ordinary faces which abound in the world; faces of those whom God has sent into the world to do much work, oftentimes to suffer much. But then she had lustrous eyes that could be fired with love, with much in them of the attraction of reckless unrest. In fact, her eyes redeemed her face from plainness. They did more; they drew the gamekeeper towards her by what he in his rough way declared their fascination. "Ye hae smot' ma hairt," said he, when first he found the opportunity that for many days he had waited for; "ye hae smot' ma hairt wi' thae twa een, that glint lik' the woodcock's an' are mort as the gled's."

Jean knew nought of love save that light-hearted form of it that grows for parent or brother with the life we inherit. She was, therefore, not provided with ready speech to meet his compliments, much less was she prepared to suspect that the compliments were traitorous and false. Indeed, at the first she was slow to apprehend that the man admired her, for her pleasure lay in the fact that this important functionary, much valued and trusted of his employers, and well-salaried, as Ned re-

ported, was the friend of her brother. But when, in moonlight nights, in that November, he met her on her homeward road, and whispered of her eyes and beauty, then she bethought her, as woman will, that she was comely to look on, and that her eyes were not as common eyes, and slowly she came to believe that he was captivated by her. When once her womanhood was kindled, it burned with much rapidity and violence; yet was it slow to kindle, requiring much to be heated, much blown upon by the hot breath of love before love's fierce flame resulted.

He made no secret at her father's fireside that he was following her. He did not speak of marriage; their acquaintance, his new-born affection was too young for that. Perhaps he did not there speak much of love either, but he let it be clearly seen that he was affected by her. The old folks thought that talk of marriage would come in reasonable time; and meantime they were proud of their daughter's follower. Thus, just at Martinmas, when her womanhood was awakened, the girl for the first time felt a desire for better clothing, that in the eyes of her sweetheart she might appear to more advantage; and she lacked the means to procure it. Her wages, you know, were spent beforehand in the decoration of her brother, so that all that remained barely sufficed for strong shoes, absolutely necessary in the rigours of winter. Still the man sought her, never missing to pass one night, at least, in each week at the village in the pursuit of his suit. Yet, truth to say, there was not much heat in her bosom for him. No flame at all fired her soul for him till bleak winter brought old Christmas round. Then the gamekeeper invited Ned and her to "a ball," at his house in the hills, to celebrate the closing year. A great affair this ball was, given annually, as he told them, to the small tenantry around the shooting-lodge by the shooting gentlemen of Heathcote Lodge, who, of course, were now in their Southland homes.

He was standing at the hearth when he asked them. Ned rubbed his hands with glee. He would go most certainly. How should he get there? he asked. The cart that came to the village for the provisions could carry them. But Jean could not see her way to go. The ball will be no pleasure to the gamekeeper if she is absent from it. Why will she not go? Well, she is not her own mistress. She could not ask away from her daily duties for two days. If she did, she should only be refused. Besides, she had only her brown

merino gown, her Sunday frock, which was too heavy to appear in the ball-room, among the airy dresses of the hill girls. The bold keeper would rid her of the first difficulty. He would himself request the necessary leave of absence; and as for the second, he said it was nothing at all.

So next day she saw her suitor ride on his pony straight up to the farmhouse, and after a time come out therefrom, in very friendly form with the farmer, remount, and ride away. If she had known how he had performed his mission, would it at all have opened her eyes, I wonder? But this was the way he put his request. His masters gave an annual ball to their servants and to their servants' friends, and to the small tenantry of the district. Ned Campbell, a servant highly prized, was, of course, invited, and his sister for his sake. Therefore the formal request for the sister's release was, in fact, a matter of the shooting gentlemen, and thus it was promptly granted. When Jean, at night, returned home she found a letter from her lover awaiting her. She was free to come to the ball, it said, and it begged her to accept from her sweetheart a pound-note, which was enclosed. He was sure she would be the handsomest lass at the gathering. "Now this is love in earnest," said the cottage household.

She drove in the cart to Heathcote in her Sunday gown, her brave muslin dress, with its decorations of peach ribbon, carefully folded and covered up in her lap. The day was bitterly cold, but she felt it not. Her heart and brain were aglow with a feeling she could not, cared not to conceal, which the man's grey eye saw well as he helped her from the cart. Never before was he so urgent in his pressings, and squeezings, and snatchings of kisses. Of course he greatly admired the robe, and he must see the delightful process of her dressing in it, must awkwardly hook and fasten it, and surely the "beverage" was his by right. Thus with fair speeches and loving dalliance aside, by open acts of loving preference before the assembled rustics, he danced her heart entirely away before the night was done. And, truth to say, he was a manly fellow, although full thirty-two years of age, although, also, it was a cold grey eye with which he looked into the luminous orbs of the girl whom he thus courted. . . . Recognizing her own love, doubting not the love he professed, it was delight for Jean to be with him. He would doubt her love, and that lingering doubt was all the obstacle, he said, in the way of his happiness and their

union. Ah me! It was the oft-told tale of perfidious and successful villainy in the guise of true love, hell's blackest demon in the garb of angelic humanity.

Many were envious of poor Jean. Many spoke lightly of her; to them there was pleasure and a triumph when in April the man's visits to the village ceased. Jean knew his reason was that his duties now claimed all his days, and, no doubt, there was some truth in it. But said they, "True love is stronger nor duty. Maybe, he is tired o' theae bird, an' its richt tae gie a turn tae the moor-fool." Even for two long months, April and May, Jean saw not this man, her lover.

At first she thought it was right that he should be faithful to his duties. How otherwise could he be faithful to his love? But when week after week passed by and he came not, sent no word of love, no message to indicate remembrance of her, then her heart grew cold within her, and her soul grew sick, for her faith in him began to waver. Her cheek spoke the tides of feeling which beset her, paling oft, flushing, as alternate pain or shame came to her. But on the first of June she saw him. Oh, yes, she saw him. That much was needed totally to undeeceive her, to drive love and hope from her miserable breast. He met her in the market-place, busy with some matter of bargaining, he said. And he greeted her as if nought of love had ever been between them; and "Tell Ned," he said, "am awfu' busy. I'll no be able to win wast." O great Disposer of all things! is there no forked lightning to blast the deceiver? no bolt of heaven to avenge the deceived?

How dry and sapless is the verdure of summer, how hot and stifling the balmiest zephyrs, how many motes darken every sunbeam, when the soul is oppressed with a sorrow which it dare not reveal for shame! And poor Jean's sorrow was of the heaviest and darkest, for she saw each false step of the way she had traversed, conned every deceitful phase of the love that had betrayed her, until, every film of disguise being torn away, she stood self-condemned, her own rather than another's victim. To add to her distress, too, the old man, her father, who had pleased himself with visions of fishing in the Heathcote lochs, when summer days would let him go forth, was gravely disappointed; her mother, whose expectations of an eligible marriage for her daughter were dissipated, brooded over her disappointment; and both blamed the girl, charging her with knowing well that she was the cause

of the rupture, that it was her blame that the man had deserted her. They spoke hardly and harshly, as people who are injured will speak, when they have prerogative and power to resent the wrong. In silence she must bear her burden, without one drop of sympathy in her woe.

How sad it is thus to have life thrown out of harmony with itself and with the world which surrounds it! to have silently to bear about a heart bruised, blasted, broken while life is young! Does Heaven reserve its lightning and its bolts for the injured only and the weaker? At least, they sorely suffer. Oh, believe not that the fallen are so soul-hardy as not to feel the bruises and contumely of their fall. And very touching is their sorrow for its muteness, mute save when no ear heareth. When no eye seeth, then they weep and wail and pray, while ever the aching brain will fancy that, in this special case, time itself may stand still, nature's immutable law be abrogated; at least, that some impossible deliverance may arise. Poor souls! whose only sound reasoning is when they think that death is happy.

And Jean had a grief other than her own. Ned had become hostler at the inn, and there he spent each penny he won in drink mainly, so that many nights he came home intoxicated. She had to sit up for his coming, tired and weary of her day of labour, tired and weary of her life of sorrow, sorrow that oft made her nights sleepless, when wearily she did lie down. It is merciful that times of sorrow will not stand still, that dreaded hours will come—all too quick in their coming, as quickly roll away. Still will the prayer vacillate from the cry that time should linger, to the dread longing that the trial were overpast.

She gave all her wages at Martinmas to her parents. Perhaps she desired to conciliate them, but it was only what she had done before. Ned thereafter asked her for a pound, but she had it not, and he was very wroth and unkind; and withal she was very miserable. And as the days shortened to the shortest, in December, her sorrows culminated. Her long-concealed grief must be proclaimed, and she shrunk from the hour that must make it known. And one night she came home, meting her steps with her sighs, in her soul's great trouble; and contrary to wont, her brother was at the fireside, and father and mother were there, and their faces were downcast and sad. Ned got up and confronted her, and by the lamplight she saw that his cheek was cut and his eye blackened.

"What's the matter, Ned?" she asked with a sickening smile.

"Ye brought it on me," he fiercely answered, for one of his reckless companions had cast up her state to him, and they had fought with this result.

"Is there ought o' truth in it, Jean?" asked the mother; and Jean was dumb before them.

"Wae's me!" said the mother. "Did I think whan I nurst ye that sic sair dool was ma store?" and she shook her old hands upraised.

Ned sullenly damned and cursed her.

The old pensioner rose slowly. "Paice, boy!" he said, "I'll no curse her. I'll no say noucht to her. But aye roof maunna shelter us mair. Lassie! ye hae nae mair a father! Ye maun gang by the door."

"No the nicht, faither!" the mother interposed, as she wiped her streaming old eyes. "Let her be till the morn, faither!"

Well, she might stay till the morrow, but he must never see her face again, else would he curse her with a father's heaviest curse.

She crept up-stairs to her garret. She made a little bundle of some clothing, of some little things also that she had prepared against a coming hour, with sorrowful stitching, which pierced her soul at each stitch. She lay down in her clothes on the bed that had known her in innocence, and wet her pillow with salt, silent tears. Her mother came to her. Briefly, and in broken words, she told her story, acknowledged her sin, and bewailed her shame. "Perhaps faither may think better o' it the morn, puir lass!" said the mother. But ere the morning broke, under the cold, chill stars the girl went forth, in dire perplexity, caring not whither she went.

She went forth under the chill morning stars, seeing nothing of their beauty, I am sure; thankful only for the darkness which veiled her flight. Daybreak found her sitting wearily to drink of a brook five miles away from Glenaldie. What was her purpose? Whither now was she bound? Do you think that she makes for Heathcote Lodge, seeking the home of him who had brought her to this sorrow, to claim his pity, to urge him by her misery to the fulfilment of his vow unredeemed? Nay, she has no such purpose; certainly no thought of her betrayer as a possible refuge. Yet she does not curse him, as forlorn she sits by the brook-side. Her own sorrow so fills her that she cannot curse him. Perhaps she has so closed

her heart against him that she thinks not of him at all.

The sun rose in the murky sky. In a hundred valleys people went forth to their day's employments, more or less gladly thinking that the day was to be fine. On a hundred hill-tops the lurid beams fell cold in their brightness, while sheep and muifowl rejoiced in their sheen. Pity her who grieves by the wayside that night and darkness have fled. The wine of life is on the lees, surely, when the light of heaven gives only pain.

She entered an open door, with steps confused, and sat down. "Whaur dae ye com' frae, puir thing?" "Whaur till are ye boon?" "Ye're sick, surely?" women asked while she sat there, and she answered not. They offered her food—cakes and milk—but she could not eat. Children were about her, staring at the "strange lass," as she sat bent on the creepie, concealing her face with her hands. Again and again they asked her, "Can't ye ait a morsel noo?" Still she sat there silent, weeping not. Her woe was too sore for tears.

At last a matron questioned her not unkindly. She answered only with her sighs. They told her she could not be harboured there, but they would send her wherever she wished to go—at least, for some miles—in a cart after she had rested. Again they pressed her to eat, but she raised not her head. At two o'clock they yoked a cart, and told her they were ready to start with her. "What gait dae ye will tae gang?" How sore is life when the whole world-compass—north, south, east, west—is confused and confounded, presenting no choice for life's outgoing, no haven, no hope!

"Ye maun be steppin', lass. We canna shelter the lik'," they said gently but firmly. She got up and was helped into a cart, which a boy drove whither he listed, and that chanced to be into the hills. He went slowly forward until the sun went down over the southern summits; then stopping his horse, he said he "eudna gang farthar wi' her. There's mony crofters hereawa." Ye'll fin' shelter aisly." He helped her from the cart, and she sat down by the roadside, fain to sit and die there. He turned his horse, and went whistling off into the gloaming. The whistle and the sound of the cart-wheels died away, and still she sat by the wayside.

She felt not that the dark, chill night was setting around her, in the blacker misery of her body and soul. The minutes were painful, but she had ceased to note them. Then there came to her a God-sent messen-

ger surely. "Wha hae we here? Puir craitar! She maun be deid or deean." It was a woman's voice that said it, with the tenderness of one who had known affliction. And the woman was not alone; beside her stood a little girl. Together they raised the prostrate one. "Com' wi' us. Try tae mak' it oot. Oor hame's nigh han.' We'll tak' ye in the nicht." And they led her stumbling steps towards the cottage where they dwelt. It was scarce a hundred yards up the hill-side. "Haud ye up! See, ye can mak' oot the firelicht through the panes." Scarcely half conscious she went with them, and was quickly growing sick in the heat of the peat-fire on their cottage floor — the cottage of the Widow Macraw. "Shak' doun the waifs' bed, Mary," said the widow; "she maun lie down at aince. I'll gie her some mait whan she's under the claes." The widow saw what was wrong; but after a moment of hesitation, in which she felt all the burden of her charity, she went cheerfully forward to perform what God had so clearly given her to do.

The "waifs' bed" stood in the end of the widow's byre, in which also stood her only cow, mainstay of her little household. Poor Jean was quickly lying in the bed, and the kindly widow brought her hot gruel to drink, and set two bottles of hot water beside her to warm the cold bed. "An' what may yer name be, puir lass? Nae doot ye war wrangled, e'en though ye war far wrang yersel'?"

"Jean."

"Puir Jean!" said the widow; and she asked no more.

Oh, bitter are the pain and anguish that have no sustenance of love, no hope of a fruition of joy! Yet the life that scarce is worth the living will cling to the pained one that faint would lay it down, as gladly this pained one there on "the waifs' bed" could have hid her shame in death.

For ten days the widow nursed and kept Jean, giving her of her tiny milking, giving her of her slender stock of meal and other food. And as the mother nursed her boy-babe, some little gleam she had of all the rich outpouring of tenderness and beauteous feeling with which God visits the mothers who please Him. A watery, tearful gleam it was, yet fulgent with God's own tenderness, as she yearned over her son. What a strange wonder is the human mind! This poor babe of shame not only bound her to the life she loved not, but, lying there on the wanderers' bed, fanciful hopes grew up faintly in her

weak brain. Who knows? She may be proud and happy yet.

But when she was restored to strength again, was able to come with her babe, through the snow, to the widow's hearth, then Widow Macraw said she should "seek her ain folk and mak' her paice wi' them lik' a Christian lass." Leastwise, she "cudna maintain her yont a day or twa mair." Then, again, all the wretchedness of her life beset her. The hope that had shone into her breast as she watched "the bairn" died away; for her brother's face confronted her; her father's faltering yet stern decision still rung in her ears. She never dare approach them. Hagarlike, she must wander forth into her poor world's arid desert. Can you wonder that heart and flesh did faint and fail her? She felt in all its bitterness how terrible it is to be God-forsaken, feeling it the more because she first had forsaken Him.

Whither should she go? Turn to the right hand or to the left, a vista of long, long months of life from the strange hand of charity alone appeared to her, for body and arms of her were bound to the infant, whom in very wretchedness she pressed more closely to her breast. In the depths of her misery she cried to the Lord, and I think He heard her. For an angel, a good angel from heaven, all unexpected and unwished for, stood beside her in this crisis, even the beauteous and beneficent angel of Death, who gently closes our eyes when the light of life becomes unsupportable. Oh, it came unwished for, unthought of, and full of affright! On the twelfth day, the day her wanderings were to begin, the angel stood beside the waifs' bed while the child slept. The goal must ever be won by suffering more or less, and thus the child awoke in pain. "O Jean! ye maunna steer till the bairn's better," said the kindly widow. But on the morrow of the next day it was dead. Is human life so rare and priceless that we shall bewail this babe unblest, because it came not to know life's work, life's sorrows, life's sins? Still will the poor mother weep over her embryo hope thus withered in the bud, as if her tears were rivers of water. And she wept the more in broken-heartedness, lest God, whom she only knew afar off, mostly through the cloud of her troubles, lest God who had taken it from her might ungraciously deal with its spirit, not for its own but for its parents' sins.

"Jamie Knockans," jack of all trades, down in the Leens, made for it a little

"kist," as a coffin is termed in our land : a little kist of somewhat rough deals, and as paint was rare, and black cloth not at all, he blackened it with oil and soot. I am sure it mattered not in what the poor babe slept. And she washed it, and dressed it, and kissed its cold baby lips, and sobbed and wept as if God had dealt very hardly by her, nor heard her cry at all. Yet in her heart she felt that He was a good gracious God, whose ways not being as her ways, nor thoughts as her thoughts, had shown her mercy even thus.

"Knockans" carried the little coffin, and the widow and Jean, now bearing her bundle, followed him along the snow-clad way to the distant "acre" at Langrig, where a tiny grave — black blotch it looked on the earth's white breast — received it. The man lighted his pipe, and set coolly to fill up the gap. The mother, losing sight of the coffin, wept afresh. She offered him all the money she had — a shilling and some coppers. "Na, na," said the gruff fellow ; "na, na, puir lass ; it's no for hire the noo." Then she threw her arms round the little widow, and broke out in a loud burst of grateful weeping ; and they parted, Jean going whither she would.

From The Spectator.

CHANGE AND PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

A BRIEF notice in the *Court Circular* of the presentation to the Queen of Higashifushimi-no-Miya, a Japanese Prince, lately come to England for the prosecution of his studies — or, in other words, for an education — is an incident scarcely noticed in the whirl and dissipation of a London season. And yet it marks an epoch in the history of a nation. It is the evidence of a change in the political constitution and ideas of a whole race which is without a parallel for its completeness and suddenness, in either ancient or modern history. We have seen many changes of the most startling character in Europe during the last few years. The restoration of Italy, as a sovereign power, with the downfall of the Pope's temporal rule, — the collapse and utter ruin of the first military power in Europe, — and the equally sudden and unanticipated resuscitation of the German Empire under the control of Prussia, the territories of the latter increased by the dismemberment of France, — are all events of such transcendent magnitude and importance, that all other changes in the destiny of nations beyond the limits of Eu-

rope may well be dwarfed into comparative insignificance in our eyes. It is not well, however, to allow these to be altogether excluded from our view ; and we may advantageously spare a few moments from the pressure of nearer interests to realize what is passing at the opposite side of the globe.

The "East" is ceasing very rapidly to be the mere "geographical expression" Italy was once derisively considered. Great Britain and Russia have both stretched their arms across the territories which constitute the continent of Asia, absorbing and appropriating no small portion by a process of conquest and annexation combined. India and Central Asia have in this way been brought in great degree under European rule. The Anglo-Saxon on the other side, crossing the continent of the New World, during the last quarter of a century, now stands fronting the Japanese and Chinese, scarcely separated by the Pacific Ocean, — which, in these days of steam and commercial enterprise, is little more than a herring-pond. Thus from both sides, by land approaches from Europe and by sea from California, the Western and Eastern races from opposite points of the compass meet, and with ideas almost as widely opposed as their positions on the map. A great commerce has, moreover, grown up within the last few years between San Francisco, and China, and Japan. The Pacific has proved no greater obstacle to this ever-increasing intercourse than the Mediterranean to the European group of nations. In thirty days, passengers and goods are transported from one coast to the other with ease and safety. Whole fleets of steamers keep up the communication, — and thousands of Chinese emigrants every year are passing over to make the railroads, till the cotton fields, and work the sugar plantations of the United States, supplying and cheapening their labour market.

That our descendants there and the crowds of emigrants from our own shores which annually swell their numbers, should rejoice in such rapid progress, and overflow in self-gratulations at the anticipation of soon becoming, like the parent State, a great Eastern power, with dominant influence over Mongol, Chinese, and Japanese, is very natural. Nor are such sanguine hopes so utterly devoid of solid foundation as many on this side of the Atlantic will be apt to conclude. China and Japan are conscious of what is to them a common danger and a common want. The danger is that of territorial encroach-

ment or absorption from the preponderating power and aggressive character of Russia. The want, a knowledge of European arts and sciences—the art of war more especially—and the sciences which develop the strength and multiply the resources of a nation. The best antidote to this danger, and the readiest means of supplying the want, are to be found in closer union or alliance with their nearest neighbours, after the Russians,—the Americans. And that these are not unwilling to extend the right hand, and if need be material aid and protection, may be inferred from many circumstances, though these are of a kind to escape notice in Europe. The *New York Herald* was somewhat too precipitate in announcing that an uncle of the Mikado had been sent to America as an Envoy of Japan. But the error is rather one of time than of fact,—foreshadowing something in the future instead of keeping to the present;—the fact being that the Mikado has directed three Princes of the Blood, nearly related to him, to proceed to foreign countries for purposes of study,—one to proceed to Prussia; one, who has lately arrived, to remain in England; and one to stop in America. A *chargé d'affaires* has also been appointed to represent Japan in each of these countries. A large number of Japanese students, many of them sons of officers and high functionaries, have been similarly distributed for their education. There are at this moment forty-six located in England. We can easily understand therefore that the President of the United States spoke in all sincerity to one of these Princes, when he told them that the United States had seen “with pride the young men of Japan coming there to receive scientific education,” and that “he would take great pleasure in contributing to make their residence in the country both agreeable and useful to them.”

A revolution more strange than any recorded in history has recently been effected in Japan, and is thus revealed to us. Since the American Commodore in 1853 first threw open the doors previously closed to all, and gave entrance not to merchants and their goods only, but to ideas of progress, and new hopes and fears as well as interests, another nation has sprung into existence, and is now preparing to run a race with European States. From a long sleep of isolation and feudalism, with stereotyped laws, and customs from which no one under penalty of death was at liberty to deviate by a hair’s-

breadth, they were rudely awakened by the apparition of an American squadron, with a summons to enter the comity of nations, and the alternative of being treated as enemies of the human race. Both the message and the messengers must have come upon the Japanese Daimios with something of the effect of an earthquake strong enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers. To realize their position and feelings one must be able to picture their dream of security,—the completeness of their previous isolation, and undisturbed conviction of their power to maintain it against the world. From this to pass in a single night to the knowledge that a squadron was anchored in the Bay of Yeddo menaçning the capital, and with an expressed determination on the part of a great Western power to open intercourse with the country, was a transformation far transcending Rip Van Winkle’s experience on his return to the waking world. The policy loudly proclaimed by *Taiko Sama* 250 years before, as the unalterable rule of Japan, had remained until that fatal morning undisturbed and unquestioned. This is what *Taiko Sama*, the founder of the Tycoon’s dynasty, now no more, announced, in a letter addressed in 1591 to the Portuguese Viceroy of Goa, who had dared to propose friendly relations and intercourse:—“Japan is the realm of the Kami, that is of Sin, the beginning of all things; and the good order of the Government depends upon the exact observance of the ancient laws, of which the Kami are the authors. They cannot be departed from without overturning the subordination which ought to exist of subjects to their sovereign, wives to their husbands, children to their parents, vassals to their lords, and servants to their masters. These laws are necessary to maintain good order within and tranquillity without. The Fathers have come to these islands to teach another religion; but as that of the Kami is too deeply rooted to be eradicated, this new law can only serve to introduce into Japan a diversity of worship very prejudicial to the State. It is on that account that, by an Imperial edict, I have forbidden these strange doctors to continue to preach their doctrine. I have even ordered them to leave Japan, and I am determined not to allow anybody to come thither to retail new opinions.”

But the year 1853 brought an American Commodore for a Plenipotentiary—“backed by such a naval force as would secure him a respectful hearing,” with instructions “to show a resolution not to

take 'no' for an answer"—and the result was the reluctant and oft-repentent reversal of the traditional policy of isolation,—soon to be followed by the opening of its ports to trade, under the pressure of English, French, and Russian negotiators, following in the track of the United States.

Not twenty years have yet passed, and in that period, short as it is in the life of a nation, the Japanese have cleared at a bound the space of centuries which intervened in Europe between feudalism and modern institutions. The mayors of the palace, with their dual government, spiritual and temporal, feudal and military, have all disappeared, and in their place there reigns a Kami-descended sovereign still, but with all the most approved constitutional forms and checks on despotic rule. The princely fiefdoms have merged into a deliberative House of Peers, renouncing all their feudal privileges; and to complete the revolution of ideas, three of the princes of the Imperial blood are now in Europe for their education! If we would know with what object, we have but to listen to the address of the Prince on his presentation to the President at the White House at Washington:—"Our travellers and students, like myself, on their way abroad, will hereafter become better acquainted with your country and people. We shall constantly encourage intercourse, and aim to annually increase more intimate and important relations. The Government of Japan is well aware that education is the basis of all progress, and therefore sends her young men to receive a scientific education in America and Europe, hoping thereby to fitly prepare them to take a wise and discriminating part in the affairs of our Government. Our Government has commissioned a diplomatic representative to this country, to assure you that it is earnestly seeking for permanent progress in all that is great and good, as rapidly as it can acquire these cherished ends, and it desires particularly to cement more closely the already friendly relations and interests existing between our respective peoples."

Well might the President of the Great Republic hail the arrival of these students and travellers as heralds of a new era for their nation, in terms of congratulation and friendly courtesy! The world has never before seen so great a change in so brief a space as the advent of these Japanese Princes demonstrates. It reads more like a description of the transformation-scene of a pantomime than sober history,—yet

history it is. Within the last ten years the whole social and political fabric of the State has been revolutionized. The present descendant of a race of *fainéant* Sovereigns, sleeping and dreaming away their weary existence among their wives and concubines, never stirring from the precincts of his palace-prison under vigilant guard of successive usurping Tycoons, has been roused from the lethargy of ages. He now not only reigns, but governs a nation of thirty millions of willing and devoted subjects. The Tycoon, his former jailor, is deposed and banished, and the nobles of the realm have gathered round the Mikado to guard the throne. Railroad and telegraphic lines in that short time have been introduced. Stranger still, Japanese Script is quoted on the Stock Exchanges in Europe—and at 98 to 100—a rate which many of the oldest European States may envy. A mint from London has been set to work, and the notes for a paper currency are now preparing in Frankfurt with all modern improvements. A penny postage stamp and a postal service are also preparing, to take the place of two naked runners and a paper bag. Medical schools have been established, and with anatomical classes,—the greatest achievement of all, perhaps. Ironclad steamers ride at anchor under their own flag where not a score of years ago an American squadron took the nation by surprise. An army of European-drilled natives, armed with the best breech-loaders, has been organized, and arsenals for casting cannon are in operation. Such are a few of the changes which place Japan in the foremost rank of Eastern nations, distinguished before all others by its capacity for progress and power of assimilating the ideas and the best fruits of Western civilization.

In one direction they appear disposed to adhere resolutely to the policy so loudly proclaimed by Taiko Sama, and to hark back to their oldest traditions. They still object to the conversion of their people,—if they no longer prohibit "strange doctors continuing to preach." They have quite recently swept away whole villages and doomed their inhabitants to death or slavery for listening to missionaries. They seem, indeed, disposed to go further still, and to uproot Buddhism, which came from China, according to Japanese chronologists, some 500 years B. C., superseded in a great degree, but never entirely, the native religion, in which the Supreme Being is worshipped without any kind of idolatry. This ancient and purer faith, it is said, the Japanese ruler is now bent on restoring, to

the exclusion of every other. And it may be remembered that in none of their treaties with foreign powers could they be induced to admit the toleration clause imposed by *force majeure* upon the Chinese. Looking to the sudden and sweeping character of the changes above enumerated, it might be imagined that the Japanese, like the inhabitants of Honolulu, had simply fallen under the sway of certain enterprising Americans, who had obtained sufficient influence to revolutionize the State, and place themselves in office for the administration of a constitution on an European model. But nothing of the kind has taken place. The Japanese are their own regenerators, although a few foreigners have been taken into their service. And no better proof is needed than this tendency to revert to their ancient faith, and cast out that which has been so long naturalized among them as a foreign importation.

When will China acknowledge "education is the basis of all progress," and progress itself an essential condition of the permanent well-being and development of a nation? They are as far from it now as they were in the days of Kublai Khan, the Mongol conqueror of the thirteenth century. And they cling as obstinately to their Asiatic love of repose, the traditions of the past, and their detestation of all innovation and progress, as in the days of Confucius, who lived 500 years before the Christian era. All honour to the Japanese, then, who bid fair to be, at the opposite side of the globe, what the British islanders have been on this—the pioneers of progress—and with their courage and enterprise to realize Taiko Sama's dream,—if not of annexing the inert colossus, China, only separated by a narrow belt of sea, of far outstripping it in the race of life and the acquirement of power to maintain their independence,—not by hermetically closing their ports, but by freely opening them to the commerce of all nations. Not, as the Chinese vainly strive, by refusing access, so far as they dare, and blindly treading round and round the same vicious circle of ignorance and prejudice; but by going forth with their eyes wide open into all lands, and profiting by the experience and accumulated results of ages of progress and scientific culture.

From The Spectator.

A CATHOLIC LADY IN "RED" PARIS.

I ARRIVED at the Nord station at eight o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, and

began instantly to look for the Red Revolution. A profound stillness, the exit of four passengers from the train, and the presence of two carriages before the grand entrance, these were the only remarkable circumstances. I contemplated the competitive *cochers* and chose my man, a brisk pleasant fellow, with merry black eyes, fine white teeth, the traditional red waistcoat, which survives empires and revolutions, a shiny hat, and an innocuous whip. His strong grey horse had probably been imported since the siege, as he had evidently always had plenty to eat. "Citizen," said I, adhering to a promise extorted by a nervous friend, "I have very little time, a great deal to do, and a strong desire to see as much of Paris and the citizen patriots as possible. May I engage you by the hour, and is it dangerous for me to drive about the city?" Nothing could be more agreeable than the proposed arrangement to the citizen *cocher*, or less dangerous to *Madame* (I was so much disappointed that no one called me *citoyenne*), and she should see everything of interest in Paris, especially the barracks and the ambulances. I got into the most comfortable *coupé* within my experience, and we rolled leisurely off towards the Rue Lafayette, discussing our route through the front window. Firing had been brisk in the direction of the Porte Mailot, and the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe was not desirable. This was unfortunate, for part of my business for a later hour of the day lay in the Rue de Monceau and the Rue de Lisbonne. The citizen *cocher* thought it likely we could reach both without difficulty, if I did not mind not going *quite* up to the Arch. On we went towards the centre of the city, through empty, silent streets, for the most part—meeting an occasional *coupé*, a few omnibusses, occupied by blouses and National Guards; some heavy waggons, probably containing ammunition, under sinister and disorderly escort of men in motley costumes, with guns and bayonets; past small groups of patriots seated on the kerbstone, their guns against the wall behind them, with, in many instances, a loaf stuck on the bayonet point—towards the centre of the city. The sky was grey, the wind was piercing, there was next to no movement, and absolutely no sound. What had become of the swarming life of Paris? Every shop was shut, many were boarded up, from a few windows hung shabby red flags, but the very buildings looked dead. It bewildered me. I could find no traces of the siege, and all my previous ideas of a revolution were dispersed.

Not a bell was ringing, though this was Easter Sunday, but the churches were open. I passed several, and first, the Madeleine, into which I went. It had *not* been pillaged, it had *not* been in any way injured. The precious articles removed from the altars had been removed by the priests themselves. Children were sitting on the steps, and women were praying inside the church as usual. Only the legend, "Liberté, fraternité, égalité," deeply cut into the stone over the great door, denoted change. Every church I saw bore the same superscription, and the Revolution has effaced every trace of the effigies of the Empire, as promptly as the Empire suppressed those of the Republic. On the walls, on the hoardings, on the pillars of the Rue de Rivoli, are countless *affiches*, decrees of the Commune, *avis* of the Committee, *ordres* of General Cluseret, appeals to the nation, to the citizen patriots, announcements of *La Solidarité*, innumerable advertisements of pamphlets, newspapers, and educational *cours*, for the Commune is going to have everybody taught everything immediately. The Palais Royal bears a tremendous inscription: "République Française, Démocratique, Une et Indivisible: Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité, Propriété Nationale;" and its precinct is entirely empty. A ragged individual, feebly manipulating a staggering hose, with dribbly results, by way of watering the street, represents the great nation, in the very core of the heart of its civilization. I want to go to mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, but have heard that is a bad part, and consult the *cocher*. He laughs at the idea; there is no "bad part," except out Neuilly way, Paris is "as quiet as a bird's nest," so we go out to the Place des Victoires, and the *cocher* is triumphant. A woman selling flowers sits at one corner, a group of children are coming round another, two are empty and the central space. The church doors stand open, the popular legend is graven upon the left wall; and the steps are occupied, just as usual, by beggars and cripples. No soldiers, no police, no visible authority of any kind, and certainly no call for it. I went into the church, and found it densely crowded, chiefly with women, but a great many men also were present. A solemn, devout crowd, every woman in plain black dress, every face grave, anxious, grieved; but *not one frightened, no, not one*. I studied them all, in the interval before mass began, at the altar of Our Lady of Victories. Presently an old priest appeared on the altar steps, in the centre of the perpetual

blaze of golden light, and began the Mass. He was reading the Gopel, and had just uttered the words, "Be not affrighted, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified," when there was a sullen roar of cannon. I hope I may be pardoned if I confess that I looked up and started. I had never heard anything more warlike than a review in the Phenix; but no one else moved; not the smallest sign of surprise or uneasiness showed itself on any face. Then I knew what the siege had taught all those women and girls. The mass went on, and the guns went on; the reverberation set the heavy leather doors of the church flapping, and echoed in the great painted windows; but I got used to it in a few minutes, and heard it at intervals all day afterwards without heeding it in the least. I went out before the crowd, and found my intelligent *cocher* had profited by the interval to purchase for me *Le Cri du Peuple*, *Le Mot d'Ordre*, and *Le Rappel*. I should profit by my time better, he observed, if I knew exactly how things stood. I did not learn much from these journals, beyond M. Rochefort's ardent desire that the "old assassin" Thiers should be disposed of, and that "as all men of heart (*hommes de cœur*) are demanding more blood, more blood must be had, but it is for the gentlemen Assassins of Versailles to begin." A second indignant editor denounces the infamous conduct of Lord Lyons in offering the shelter of the British Embassy to the Carmelite nuns,—persons under the displeasure of the nation (one of them being Lord Lyons' own niece),—and a third publishes a voluminous decree of the Commune, of which Article 9 is left blank. I wonder what that significant hiatus means? I am on my way to see a barricade now, and take the Rue St. Honore *du route*, where I have to make a call, within a short distance of the former residence of the "sea-green incorruptible," to whom the Commune are going to erect a statue in bronze, when they have time and a few of the kings have been melted down; and I find the lady I want to see (who is very young and pretty) walking up the street, leisurely and unconcernedly, with a beautiful bouquet in her hand, and a flower-pot containing a gorgeous crimson blossom, with a long green stalk, under her arm. "No one need be afraid, then, in Paris?" "No woman," she replies; "men are afraid, I believe, and in danger; they are suspected of wanting to get away, and they will be made to stay and fight, but women are quite safe from everything but

shells." There is just a little more liveliness in the Rue St. Honoré, but no open shops, and no noise. The groups of National Guards are more numerous, and I remark that the proportion of uniform to mufti is small and the uniforms are shabby. Profound gravity is expressed upon every countenance, and every man seems to be looking to every other man for orders, or news, or consolation. As a body, I consider the patriots looked hungry, cold, tired, and bored, to say nothing of dirty, which they looked to a man. We turn down a small street, apparently closed in by a neatly-built wall with holes in it, through which I discover the mouths of cannon. About this wall men are swarming, in and out of uniform; they are all armed, and two or three wear red or white sashes with pistols stuck in them, after an Adelphi fashion, which instantly causes me to think of Mr. Webster and "The dead Heart." My *cocher* pulls up at the corner of the little street, and exchanges friendly grins with the citizen-patriots who are swarming inside and outside the wall, while I peer out of the carriage window longing to see more. Presently the *cocher* suggests that I should get out and look about me; he cannot drive any farther, but from quite the corner I could see the whole of the Place Vendôme, the General's head-quarters, and the parade of yesterday's *levée*, then taking place. A cheerful young woman, with a pretty wan infant in her arms, encourages me to descend, and a young man to whom she is talking, a clean, trim, fair young fellow, with a military look and step, salutes me with much politeness, and asks me if I ever saw a barricade. "No, citizen patriot," I reply; "they do not make them in England, and I had no idea they were so symmetrical. I thought a barricade was a heap of rubbish piled up anyhow, but these are strong stone walls built at leisure." He seemed much pleased with my admiration, and having handed a tin can to the young woman, invited me to come inside the wall, which I did. There was the Place Vendôme, and filled with what realities and what phantoms! I saw it last on the 15th of August, 1869, decorated for the Emperor's *fête*, and filled with the glittering Imperial troops. I see it now, a wide, empty waste, bounded by the symmetrical barricades, dotted with slouching ungainly figures, whose clothes and arms encumber them, and with busy, silent groups, strengthening the walls with steady industry. My friend points out the cannon, shows me how they are

pointed against all avenues of approach, shows me where the ground has been tunnelled, and guns placed, as it seems to me, with a design to cut off the enemy's feet satisfactorily at once; points out the "General's" head-quarters, and puts me into a convenient position (apparently envied by several women collected outside the barricade) for witnessing a distribution of arms. A number of men pass in disorderly fashion before a group of men in uniform, and something which I cannot make out plainly happens. When the men return, each has a gun with a bayonet, and a belt, to which a coarse white bag is suspended: and for the first time I hear a sound like a feeble shout. I thank my friend for his politeness, and return to the carriage; the young woman is still there, and she smiles at me, as much as to say, "Is he not a fine fellow?" I think he is, and there are many fine fellows there very much out of place in the ruffianly mass. We turn into the Rue de Rivoli, and are stopped by a regiment marching out, "to meet the enemy," says my *cocher*, and I cannot in the least tell whether he is laughing at them or believes in them. The grey horse stands still, and the citizen patriots, among whom are some very villainous-looking subjects, march past his blunt nose, with a good deal of shuffle to very little tramp. I am the solitary spectator, and I begin to feel as if I were reviewing Sir John Falstaff's troop. These poor creatures are shabby, wretched, silent. I did not hear a laugh, or an oath, I did not see one violent gesture, I hardly saw a smile, all that day. The roystering, roaring, terrible "Reds," as I saw them, are tired, dull men, doing ill-directed work with plodding indifference. The regiment passes on, and here comes something up with a rattle at last. It is a *victoria*, with a flaunting flag, bearing the red cross on a white ground, and it contains two young men smoking and laughing, who have white scarfs with red crosses on their arms. "Young doctors going to the ambulance," says the *cocher*, and we go on,—past the Tuilleries gardens, a bare, desolate space, all the beautiful chestnut trees cut down, filled with wooden sheds; past the side of the great empty palace, through the Carrousel, where the only living creatures are the grey horse, and the *cocher*, and I, but which swarms so thick with phantoms, three of them women flying from a mob, that I can hardly breathe, and gasp with relief when I am on the other side, and looking back at the Pavilion of the Prince Imperial, which is

not yet quite finished, I believe. We cross the noble bridge, and I look, like one in a dream, up and down the beautiful river, still as an Arctic river might be in the winter. Very far up there is a little puff of steam, and a few people lean over the wall eager to behold the marvel of a moving boat. On into the Faubourg, where there is even more silence, and where fewer people are moving about. There I visit famous lady, who gives me the history of the past of Paris and her anticipation of its future in such brilliant style, her epigrams bristling like bayonets along the line of her narrative, that, though horrified, I am excessively amused, and carry away the drollest impressions of "L'Empire Cluseret." But her manner changes when I ask what I shall tell her friends in London? And she says, "Tell them to fear everything, and to hope very little. We are a degraded people, and we deserve what we have got, and are going to get." I leave her, and go on to the house of another friend. He is absent, resident (with order) at Warsaw, but his concierge invites me to inspect the premises, which have been neatly cut in two by a shell, and one-half is a heap of ruins. While we are talking about it, and she is showing me where a second shell cut up the tasteful little garden, the cannon keeps up an incessant roar. She does not mind it, of course, and even to me it has become a mere detail. When I go out, I find a woman sitting on the carriage-step, her lap full of daffodils, which she is tying up into nosegays, at a *sous* each; and she is talking to the *cocher*. As I take my place, I ask her to sell me some of the flowers, and as she puts them into my hand I see horror in her face. I suppose she sees a question in mine, for she whispers, "On dit qu'ils ont fusillé Monseigneur!" and is gone in an instant. I don't believe it. A living hostage is worth much more to l'Empire Cluseret than a dead archbishop; but I see in the faces of all the women I pass that they have heard the rumour, and that they fear it may be true. We go on, and on, up to the Glacière, past long lines of desolate boulevards, and grand, ghastly, sad houses, which have never been inhabited, the dust of whose construction was hardly laid when their roofs were battered in by the Prussian shells, and which present an extraordinary combination of bran newness and devastation. In this quarter there is hardly a living soul to be seen, and every sign of industry has disappeared. The place is like a

chapter of the prophet Isaiah in carved stone and decorative metals. I had a long visit to pay in this quarter, and the grey horse and the coachee dined together while I paid it.

Back again to the Quai, across the bridge, and through the Place de la Concorde. The sun shines now, and people are walking about past the statues with their absurd black masks, and the silly heap of tawdy crowns and flimsy flags rotting round Strasburg, which, in the midst of the heap with its black bandage, looks like a colossal figure of the child's game of forfeits; and with this détour, to the Palais d'Industrie, now an ambulance, quiet, decorous, spacious, well managed. I have no difficulty in getting a look into the huge central compartment. It is only a look, and there is nothing to be seen with which I am not familiar. But that look suffices to convince me that the accounts of the wounded in the late engagements are enormously exaggerated. I saw, of course in the most superficial way, the ambulances in the Champs Elysées afterwards, and I don't believe there are half seven thousand men in them all put together. Considering that we had been informed on Saturday, in England, that shells were falling in the Champs Elysées and that "harmless spectators" had been killed, it struck me as I drove up the grand avenue, in which I have witnessed many magnificent pageants, that there were a good many harmless spectators about, who were taking things very easily. The whole place was a vast bivouac for the National Guards; indeed so are all the great thoroughfares; but nurses and children are strolling about, very much as usual, and the *bourgeoisie* was taking its walks abroad. The booming of cannon went on, and some carts bringing in wounded to the ambulance met us half-way up to the arch. I wanted to go to the Rue Billaut, and had arrived within a hundred yards of it when the carriage was stopped by a citizen patriot, who came up to the window, and told me politely that it would be dangerous for me to go in that direction, as a shell might be expected to fall there at any moment. While he was speaking, there came a sort of bursting whirr, a sound I never heard before, and I saw something for an instant in the air, above and behind the Arch. It was a shell, he said, and I heard afterwards it had fallen in the ex-avenue of the ex-Empress. This was the only shell I saw, though from the top of a house in the Rue de Lisbonne, immediately afterwards, I

had a fine view of Mont Valérien and the cannon. Up to the Arch, on either side, and in the adjacent streets, the National Guards were swarming, some eating, some idly lying about in the sunshine, some talking, many asleep. The people came and went, children and dogs ran about. Occasionally a queer-looking fellow, representing the official who in enslaved, unfraternal, and unequal armies is called an orderly, mounted upon a horse unacquainted with the curry-comb, goes lumbering by, bumping and lurching in a ludicrous fashion, but no one laughed. An air of waiting prevailed, weary waiting, not impatient, contagious; so that I found myself lingering and looking into the blue distance under the Arch, as if a quarter-past seven were an indefinite period and the departure of the mail train a movable feast. In the Rue de Monceau and the Rue de Lisbonne the people were out on the pavement. There were not many, and they were chiefly *concierges*, the proprietors and *locataires* being unanimous in their absence. From the windows of a house in the latter street I exchanged observations with a placid person seated on an opposite doorstep, respecting the pungency of the smell of powder pervading the atmosphere. She had looked up with an agreeable smile at me as I sneezed violently, "C'est la poudre," she said, "ça fait éternuer."

I packed all the things I wanted to take away, and then set off to have a look, at safe distance, at the Hôtel de Ville, Notre Dame (where the red flag was drooping in an appropriately mean fashion), and the Palais de Justice, which is *en congé*. Pray observe that the strong grey horse had long intervals of rest. This was his last journey on my account. In these regions, the centre of the authority of the Revolution, there were a great many more people, and they were worse-looking, but there was very little more noise, and a total absence of excitement. I could get only a glimpse of the Hôtel de Ville; it seemed to me to be a perfect ant-hill of guns and soldiers, and they all wavered and danced before my eyes as I remembered a day on which Horace Vernet showed me his portrait of Napoleon III., just placed there, and a night on which the City of Paris gave a ball to the beautiful and proud mother of the "Child of France." The Place de Grève swarmed with soldiers that night too. I remember how the corslets and the helmets of the Cent Garde glittered, and shiny bits of their horses' accoutrements

came out under the play of the innumerable flickering, dazzling lights, as I looked down upon them from the purple and gold-draped balcony. The Republic was proclaimed from that same balcony in September. The few and brief speeches of l'Empereur Cluseret are spoken from it now. Early in the afternoon an order had been issued for the closing of the churches; no evening services were permitted on Easter Day. Notre Dame was black, silent, and deserted. From the bridge I gazed at the Conciergerie, a grand building now, a fine and strong place, no longer the dingy hole in which the Queen of France and others who had incurred the displeasure of the nation waited for the emancipation of death. What of the prisoners of the Republic, who are there now? I thought with a shudder of the orderly ranges of ticketed skulls, and the miscellaneous heap of bones in the crypt of the "Missions Etrangères;" of the blood-stains on the walls, and the hacked benches, where the murderers worked like butchers on "killing-day" in the great slaughter-house of the Carmes. But all is so quiet! There is literally no noise now, for we do not hear the guns in this quarter. I notice that all the clocks are stopped. I suppose it is nobody's business to wind them up, but the effect is strange. As I go past the quay opposite the Louvre I see the first and only "bonnet rouge" which meets my inquiring gaze in Paris, where I expected to find it universal. Indeed my nervous friend suggested that I would do well to have a red cockade in my pocket in case of accidents or demand for fraternization. The wearer of the symbolical head-dress was an ill-looking ruffian, who sat with his back to the quay wall, his legs straddled across the footpath, his drunken head fallen forward on his naked hairy breast, a broken pipe between his knees, his doubled fists upon the stones at either side of him, and the "bonnet rouge" hanging over his ear, like Mr. Punch's cocked hat when he is getting the worst of it at the hands of the beadle. I looked attentively at the "Phrygian head-tire," with a whimsical remembrance of Chauvel's benediction of the "old cap of the peasant" in my mind, and my belief is that the specimen in question was made out of an old waistcoat discarded by a cocher, by a person imperfectly acquainted with the form of the original.

I completed my business, and was driven to the railway station, through streets as quiet and orderly in the twilight as

they were in the morning. The station was guarded by three patriots, and administered by remarkably civil officials. I never experienced so little difficulty, or more politeness on any occasion of ticket-taking and luggage-weighing. I paid the exact fare of my carriage, the exact price of my ticket and luggage registration; no one even looked a demand for a fee, on any pretence whatever. I proffered my passport for examination, it was declined with a bow, and I passed into the usual waiting-room and out of it into the usual carriage for *Dames Seules* with perfect ease and comfort. In the carriage there was an old French lady bound for Brighton, and two young ladies, whose destination was Chantilly. We four were the only women in the train, and I was informed that no other railroad from Paris was open. After a very comfortable journey, we reached Victoria Station in perfectly good time. I despatched my slightly-bewildered companion to Brighton, under the charge of a gallant Volunteer bound for the Review, and then proceeded to buy a newspaper, in order to see what the correspondents had to say about "Red" Paris on Easter Sunday. The newspaper was the *Daily Telegraph*, and among its sensational telegrams was the following, dated Monday morning, April 10:—“*Ladies endeavouring to escape from Paris last night were forced to pay 100 francs before being allowed to take tickets.*” If my nervous friend had been in the habit of reading the *Daily Telegraph*, what would her feelings have been on seeing this statement, to which I am compelled to give, in common justice to the Commune, a positive contradiction?

From The Athenaeum.
DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.

In every part of the world where English is spoken, especially where it is spoken with a Scotch accent, the names of William and Robert Chambers pass over the tongue with something of esteem and gratitude. To the productions of their discreet and busy pens, brought to our hearths and homes by their cheap and indefatigable press, most of us, when young, owed much useful information that we might otherwise have lacked, and many kindly sentiments which we might not otherwise have felt. The brothers began to popularize and diffuse knowledge when political distraction, and a low appreciation of

intellectual culture combined to discourage rather than to promote general education; not long indeed after the time indicated by Sydney Smith when no man who had not an independent five hundred a year dared proclaim liberal opinions; when a Chinese awe of the “wisdom of our ancestors” checked wholesome efforts to increase our own; when, consequently, books were quite out of the reach of the humble and needy. The value of the work then inaugurated by these two brothers of providing elevating and accessible mental aliment for “The Million” was incalculable. The loss, therefore, of one of them is surely a public loss; and Mr. Robert Chambers, who passed away on Friday, the 17th of the present month, will be mourned by all who value education and who love literature.

The brothers were born at Peebles, on the banks of the Tweed. Their father was a muslin-weaver, employing some twenty looms. Mr. James Chambers—at first a prosperous manufacturer, always a lover of books, a keen politician, an open-hearted friend—had already suffered in his purse from his kindness to the French prisoners paroled in Peebles during the wars of Napoleon, and was eventually ruined by the competition of machine with hand-loom weaving. He was obliged to withdraw his family, with the wreck of his means, to Edinburgh. Here, by the help of his sensible and energetic wife, he managed to bring up creditably a family of six children.

Robert, the second son, was born in 1802. He grew up a quiet, self-contained boy, unable, from a painful defect in his feet, to join in the robust play of his schoolfellows. He may be said to have devoured books from his infancy. In the preface to his collected works he writes: “Books, not playthings, filled my hands in childhood. At twelve I was deep, not only in poetry, and fiction, but in encyclopedias.” A great prize fell into his hands in an old lumber-room to which he had retired for quiet. He found there a mass of odd volumes of the “Encyclopaedia Britannica.” These he read through with insatiable eagerness.

The rudiments of classical knowledge which Robert Chambers obtained at the Peebles public school were much improved in Edinburgh by the teaching of Mr. Benjamin Mackay, afterwards head master of the High School. At sixteen he broke away from home. His passion was books. Even at that unripe age, he tried to write them; but determined, at all haz-

ards, to sell them. With a stock worth no more than two pounds, the produce of long savings of pocket-money, he commenced business; a boy-bookseller, self-reliant, unaided. There lies before us a kind of small ciphering-book, containing young Robert Chambers's first year's account of profit and loss. The former was small, but, for his modest wants, sufficient. The writing is extremely neat. Indeed, the young penniman was employed by the city authorities to copy on vellum the address presented to George the Fourth, who visited Edinburgh in 1822.

Meanwhile, the elder brother, William, had also started as a printer and bookseller, and they commenced a crude weekly miscellany, called the *Kaleidoscope*. Robert was the editor, William setting up his own compositions in type without troubling himself with pen and ink. This first effort closed a short life in December, 1821.

Robert Chambers never ceased to cultivate his Tweed-side associations, and was therefore able to "spot," from personal knowledge, several of the characters in the Waverley Novels, then in the height of popularity. "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," his maiden book, brought him into notice, and introduced him to Sir Walter Scott. His next venture, "Traditions of Edinburgh," has not ceased to be issued and read to this day. Every type of it was set up, every sheet pulled at press, by his brother. The first edition, dated 1823, presents a curious contrast to the handsome copies of the same work, improved also in other respects, published only last year.

Publishers now began to seek out its author. For one he wrote "Walks in Edinburgh," partly the result of rambles in the odd nooks and corners of the quaint old city in company with Sir Walter Scott. In 1824 there was a great fire, depriving many poor families of their means and homes. Robert Chambers, having no money to give them, wrote a book describing the past historical fires in Edinburgh, for their benefit; and it sold largely. Having published his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," he set out, as if determined to harden his tender feet by pedestrianism, to explore Scotland, chiefly on foot; his object being to collect materials for his "Picture of Scotland," — a work that proved for many years to be the Scottish tourist's best companion. Although now a prosperous bookseller, he found leisure to write and compile upwards of twenty volumes. Among them five for Consta-

ble's Miscellany, entitled Histories of the Scottish Rebellions, and a Life of James the First in two volumes. Then, for other publishers, Scottish Ballads and Songs, a Biographical Dictionary of distinguished Scotsmen, and a compact little History of Scotland. He also edited for several years the *Edinburgh Advertiser* newspaper. Yet this goodly list represents little more than the beginning of his literary career.

Neither was William Chambers idle. He toiled away in his snug little shop in the Broughton suburb, writing, printing, and selling books. He had already written and published an account of the legal constitution and customs of his native country, under the title of *The Book of Scotland*. Another work, *The Gazetteer of Scotland*, must have cost much labour, which, happily, proved to be profitable. About the end of the year '31 the turning-point in the fortunes of the brothers accidentally turned up. The agitation for Parliamentary Reform had awakened a necessity for the spread of education. Lord Brougham proclaimed that the "Schoolmaster was abroad." The schoolmaster accordingly appeared in various guises. Henry Brougham himself started him, through the agency of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a formidable organization of Chairmen, Treasurers, Committees, paid and honorary secretaries, and local agents. This literary mountain did not labour in vain; and among its progeny was *The Penny Magazine*. A copy of the prospectus (which appeared a very long time before the periodical itself) having been seen by William Chambers—who had long been gestating similar schemes,—he forwarded to one of the chief promoters several suggestions which, in his judgment, would have improved the chances of the project. No answer was vouchsafed to his letter, and his self-love was wounded. He determined to realize his unappreciated ideas himself; and they took the form of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. The first number appeared on the 4th of February, 1832—six weeks before the ponderous Society in London fulfilled its promise of a *Penny Magazine*. Success exceeded not only expectation but the means of production. The projector had to call in the aid of his brother Robert for the editorship; and all Edinburgh proved to be equal only to produce the Scotch edition, one of the largest printing-offices in London being employed to work off the supply for England and the colonies. *The Penny Magazine* expired long ago: *Chambers's Journal* still flourishes

amongst the widely-read hebdomadals of to-day.

Robert Chambers's contributions to the Journal, of which he now became joint proprietor, plainly express his mental organization. His early bent was towards history and archaeology, and he contributed many pleasant articles on these subjects. But it was the front page that he most impressed with his own idiosyncrasy. Gifted with keen, accurate observation, and a good-natured yet grave (therefore mirth-provoking) humour, his miniature portraits of character and pictures of life, under the name of "Mr. Balderstone," were so truthful and sympathetic, that, even when removed from their context and re-published in seven volumes in '47, they met with a very general acceptance. The secret of their success is revealed in the Preface:—"It was my design from the first to be the essayist of the middle class—that in which I was born, and to which I continue to belong. I therefore do not treat their manners and habits as one looking *de haut en bas*, which is the usual style of essayists, but as one looking round among the firesides of my friends." He also furnished articles on elementary science. Eventually, indeed, he became a leading geologist; and, in his favourite pursuit, he explored, hammer in hand, not only many parts of Great Britain, but visited Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Canada, and the United States. A theory which he had formed respecting Ancient Sea Margins he propounded before the British Association, and also in a volume with that title. The list of his other independent works comprises, "The Domestic Annals of Scotland," and a chronological edition of Burns's Poems, so arranged with connecting narrative that it serves also as a biography, with the money proceeds of which he helped to make Burns's sister comfortable for life. This was a labour of love. Robert Chambers was himself a poet,—tender, sympathetic,—as a dainty little volume printed for private circulation, in 1835, fully attests. Associated with Mr., now Dr., Carruthers, he produced the "Cyclopædia of English Literature; and lastly (if we except the mysterious work to be presently discussed), "The Book of Days."

During all this hard work, Robert Chambers helped to conduct with his brother William, one of the largest printing and publishing establishments in Scotland, gradually grown out of the single hand-press at Broughton. He, too, aided in realizing an educational project so com-

plete that when commenced few men, even with the indomitable perseverance of these remarkable brothers, could have hoped to see it completed. It is called "Chambers' Educational Course." This series of some fifty or sixty school-books begins with a three-halfpenny infant primer, reaches the classics through a whole library of grammars, dictionaries, and class-books, for teaching some of the foreign living languages and every department of English, including most of the sciences, and ends with cheap editions of several Latin authors, and a popular Encyclopædia, in ten thick volumes. To supplement what their Journal could not supply to the reading public, the brothers Chambers also wrote, with not much assistance, and published, "Information for the People," "Papers for the People," a series of Miscellaneous Tracts, besides several cheap editions of the best bygone authors.

Literary honours fell thickly upon Robert Chambers. He became a member of many scientific Societies, and enjoyed the rare distinction of being nominated into the Athenaeum Club by its Committee of Management. The last years of his life were passed at St. Andrews; where the Senatus Academicus of the University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Memorials of Robert Chambers would hardly be complete without mention of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," published more than a quarter of a century ago, to prove that the Divine Governor of this world conducts its passing affairs by a fixed rule, termed natural law: this book communicated a sharp shock to the nerves of the orthodox. Its real author may never certainly be known, unless some evidence confirming that which already exists be left among Mr. Chambers's papers: it has been ascribed to Mrs. Robert Chambers. The controversy which "The Vestiges" engendered was most venomous in the North; and when, in 1848, Mr. Robert Chambers was selected to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he thought it better to withdraw, in the face of a storm raised against him as the supposed author. His brother William, however, afterwards filled the office with so much satisfaction to his fellow-citizens, that he was re-elected after serving the prescribed term of three years.

Included within a widely-spread reading public, Mr. Robert Chambers has left behind him quite a public of mourning personal friends. His genial manners and unlimited hospitality brought to his house,

not only troops of local friends, but during his long residence in Edinburgh almost every distinguished visitor to that city. Even his own immediate successors would count for a small community. He passes away the patriarch of nine children and thirty grandchildren. Not one of these but can recall some affectionate memorial of his generous kindness of word or deed.

The mournful record does not end here. While the above lines *in memoriam* were being written, Mr. David Chambers, the youngest brother of the Messrs. Chambers, and their agent in London, died unexpectedly at his residence at Lee, in Kent: like his brother, he was an earnest friend of Press Reform, and devoted much time in promoting the repeal of the fiscal restrictions upon newspapers.

From Chambers' Journal.

GERMAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLOSELY akin, and having many things in common, whilst varying in as many, the English and the Germans alike delight in advertising. There is, however, something specifically characteristic in German advertisement—a spirit as clearly defined as that in German home-life, German politics, and German beer. True, we find represented in their newspapers the Agony column of our own Daily Jupiter; and the Editor's Letter-box, that medium of communication of our "penny Sundays," wherein "Floretta, with light-brown eye, and flaxen hair, and considered lovely," seeks a suitable matrimonial connection; but we have no such publication in all England as is published daily in one of the fairest and most famous watering-places of the Rhine, the *Residenz* of a small duchy, which has succumbed to an overpowering army, raised by conscription, and armed with the deadly needle-gun, and become a mere province, a step-child of a great European power. The organ in question is not, however, ground to political tunes; it is intended to advertise, and nothing more. Yet it is found in all houses, among rich and poor; and, indeed, a tradition is current, that certain old pensioned officers now abstain from breakfast on Sundays and holy-days, since no *Tageblatt* then appears.

Imagine a newspaper, small quarto, of from eight to forty-eight pages, costing five shillings and four-pence a year, and devoted exclusively to advertisements—every page full of novelty, and often pro-

ductive of laughter! Within reasonable limits, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of its diversified contents. The first pages are devoted to official, police, law, and sanitary notices—notices of contracts, bankruptcies, &c.; these are followed by trade advertisements, touching silks, fish, groceries, wines, coffins, wet-nurses, and information as to how, when, and where the thousand-and-one wants of this life, and death, may be supplied. Of these we shall say nothing, but proceed at once to the social contents. What would our reserved island ladies say to finding their birthdays openly recorded under the most transparent initials, with their ages, the street and house-number duly added, in some such sort as this?—"Hearty congratulations to the dear, tall, black, stout Gretchen B—, on her to-day's cradle-feast, at No. 18 in the Hauptgasse.

From one who knows her well,
But his name won't tell."

Or thus: "To the dear, stout, pretty blonde, Anna K—, in Wilh. St, No. 78, right hearty congratulations from a silent admirer."

At times our attention is called to a swain who has forgotten the birthday of her whom his soul loves, and who honestly confesses it by heading in capital letters, "Better late than never." After thus introducing his salutation, his effusion jingles on:

Your birthday's past, as I do see;
Jimminy-krimminy, O dear me!
What can I say, but tell you plain,
I'll try not to forget again.

This is at least modest and penitent, but, alas! some of us are but human, and self will assert itself even in congratulatory birthday addresses; a picture of a beer-barrel, or a couple of wine-bottles, indicates that "a big drink" would be regarded as an appropriate celebration of the festive occasion; for instance, "A cheer with three times three to the worthy Master-joiner, Caspar L—, No. 6 H— St, from his true and thirsty friends.

Don't be afraid, my worthy son;
A cask of beer we can empty soon;
Then broach one in good time, d'yee see,
Nor very small need it to be."

Or thus :

We're thirsty souls, and could drink some beer,
If you'd give us the chance, old fellow:
We'll empty a barrel to make good cheer,
And toast you too with a bellow.

What can a "million donnerndes Hoch" be, other than a cheer as loud as a million thunders—or a bellow?

Happy couples proclaim their approaching nuptials thus: "With the loving consent of their parents, W—H— and S—T— herewith announce their betrothal."

In the following notice there is something truly Homeric: "HAVE A CARE—a fat cow will be hewn to pieces in my yard, on Tuesday, at 11 A.M. sharp, and the flesh will be sold at 3d. a lb."

About our next extract there is a grim blood-thirstiness that would have done credit to the court of King Theodore; it reminds one of the Pantin tragedy under patronage, and must surely emanate from one whom urgent private affairs have recalled from the scene of the war ere his appetite for horrors was satiated: "T—M— recommends himself for private slaughtering. Terms moderate."

Our next is of another description: "When two young ladies, whose room is on the ground-floor in the B— Street, attired for the night in complete negligee, amuse themselves with mouse-hunting, they should take the precaution of first closing the curtains; and, when the pleasures of the chase are over, they jump into bed with a single spring, they should mind the bed does not break down with them.

Who'er the cap is found to fit,
Need not scruple to wear it."

A lady who seems to have left the place *unbeknownst* to the inhabitants, causes the following to be inserted: "GOOD-BYE! Want of time obliges me to adopt this way of bidding my friends and acquaintances adieu. I shall be sure, at the proper time, to recollect the small debts I have left behind me. Signed J. P., Widow, late of the Hotel Z—." Dated "Over the Frontier."

Here follows a parade of private grief, upon which the pen of a Juvenal might employ itself. That our readers may have it in its integrity, we render it literally: "DEATH NOTICE.—To all relations, friends, and acquaintances, I intimate generally, rather than by special notice, the sad news of the death of my dear, inwardly and hotly loved faithful wife (mother, daughter, sister, and daughter-in-law), Julia R—, née L—, who, scarcely in the twentieth year of her life, the past night at 12 o'clock, at the hour and the minute at which she, to me, ten days before, had presented a healthy and dear boy, in consequence of miliary fever, softly in my

arms, as a good evangelical Christian, with trust in the Lord God, who has the rule over life and death, slept away, after that she had been to me scarcely three-quarters of a year the fairest and happiest wife, protection and aid in all my sorrows, sufferings, and cares. Hence, I beg for silent sympathy in my unforgettable and irreparable loss. W—, 17.7.70. The deeply weeping and deep cast-down husband, A. R—."

We now find a notice of death headed "Thanks."

"THANKS.—My husband, H—K—, now rests in God; and I would thank all those who accompanied him to his last resting-place—the Worshipful Sick and Burial Clubs, the Fire Brigade, and the Madrigal Society, for the soul-stirring hymns at the grave-side; as also those who helped and comforted me during his illness.—THE SORROWING WIFE."

And here again is a similar notice, which moreover contains a happy suggestion to our Woman's Rights Committee, for the utilisation of the able-bodied female population.

"THANKS.—To all those who accompanied our now-in-God sleeping son, P—N—, to his last resting-place—to the honourable virgins who bore his body company—as also to his friends who carried him thither, our heartfelt thanks."

Such would-be benefactors to the human race as Mrs. Camp ("if I could afford to lay out my feller-creeturs for nothink, I would gladly do it, such is the love I bear them") are scarce even among ourselves; but that there are in Germany, too, "sober creeturs to be got at eighteenpence a day for working-people," who "don't name the charge," but suggest the modesty of their prospective claims, would appear from the following: "At No. 21 in the Roof-chambers, orders for sick-nurses are taken kindly; also the undressing and dressing of corpses is performed. The advertiser can produce the best testimonials. Charges moderate." Whether these testimonials are from those who have been under the advertiser's hand or from those who may yet come under them, does not appear. In these days, it might not be extravagant to suppose that the testimonials had been procured by spiritual agency.

Having dealt with deaths, we may remark that births are announced thus: "To the Privy Councillor L—, a son. Name J. F. S."

Here are some miscellaneous morsels.

"To be sold cheap, a tolerably modern dress-coat, in very good preservation."

"Eleven young hens and a cock, good layers, to be sold." Is this the *rara avis*?

"Chamber-sportsman M—— resides at No. 7 L—— St. The above recommends himself as a medium for the destruction of all species of vermin."

The mahogany child's chair, and the Oxford prohibition concerning the maintenance of dogs, cats, and other singing-birds, are so old as to have been entered in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the most inveterate Joe Miller; but we can produce a modern instance.

"BIRD HALL, WILH. ST.—I have the honour to announce to the honourable public of W—— that I opened my bird-hall on Saturday last for the sale of Parrots, Aquaria, and all sorts of other foreign and indigenous birds. Entrance to non-purchasers, 7 kreuzers; to purchasers, 3.—Most respectfully, R. S."

We will conclude with two notices illustrative of the German national characteristics — Music and Economy.

"The Singing Society meet to-night at the Muckerhöhle." The name is not inviting; but the locality is historical.

And: "A gentleman wishes to hire a fur-cloak for a few weeks."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GESTURE-LANGUAGE IN SOUTH ITALY.

In South Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomats say: in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this. A stranger present at a cabinet council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over. "But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word." "True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?" "I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?" "Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs." The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, ever-

lasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example, I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the *Early History of Mankind*, which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In South Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under-lip a little: and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added, scraping the under-side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outwards, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr. Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upwards, to the ground. In South Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death, would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in South Italy, sleep. In this country, we beckon a person towards us by holding a hand or finger with tips upwards. In South Italy, however, the tips are held downwards, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in South Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular, to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and

shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index finger. In South Italy, "hunger" is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downwards, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of course, are shewn by holding up the fingers. So much for the language itself, and now for the method of using it.

After the revolution of 1860, the police affairs of South Italy were carried on by the Italian carabiniers, a remarkably fine body of men, of great intelligence, and mostly from the north, in place of the native *shirri*. The consequence was that the malefactors did as they pleased, the carabiniers being powerless. They complained that it was of no use their attempting to cope with a people who, by a gesture, a look, and a word in an unknown tongue (for the dialects of South Italy are unintelligible to people from the north), hatched plots under their very noses. Riding once in a carriage in Sicily past a string of country carts, each of which had a driver, armed, lying prone on top of the load, I heard one of these men call out: "Ah ca!" very loud, as if to his donkey; but he meant to attract the attention of the carter in front, who understood perfectly well, and looked back, whereupon the first man held up his hand, and rubbed together the tips of his thumb and first finger (the sign for money), giving a glance at the same time towards the carriage. In answer, the friend nodded. The following remarks had been exchanged: "Rich folks there, eh?" "Uncommon." I thought at the time, if these gentry had been brigands, and my coachman an accomplice, *he* would probably have nodded, and straightway the armed carters would have jumped down, surrounded the carriage, dragged me off to the mountains; and I should have been the subject of numerous letters in foolscap paper, quarter margin, exchanged between polite diplomatists, who would apparently be only too glad of the opportunity of assuring one another of their "distinguished consideration."

But to return to our story-teller in the balcony. The narrator began by strad-

dling the first and second fingers of his right hand across the first finger of his left, to express a ride; then he pointed to his own stomach, to shew that he was himself the rider; next he pointed with his hand in the direction of a neighbouring village; which, together, meant: "As I was riding to—." Then he put up his hands, and bent his head, as one does in taking aim with a gun; next held up his hands, palms outwards, and started back to express surprise; then he moved one hand quickly round over the other, as we do when imitating a drummer for children, and bent his body sideways, to express a fall; which meant: "Suddenly a man with a gun appeared, and aimed at me, whereupon the donkey started back with fright, and I fell off." At this the friend down below held up his right hand with the knuckles towards the balcony, and fingers slightly bent, and rapidly moved it from the wrist backwards and forwards (the way of inquiring in generals), which meant in this instance: "Well; were you hurt?" In answer to this, the man above lifted his eyebrows, put his hand to his hip, and limped a little way, to express: "Nothing to speak of—a little lame, that's all;" and thus the conversation proceeded.

The chief prison of Palermo, the capital of Sicily, consists of a number of detached houses in a large court-yard surrounded by a high broad wall. The prisoners are kept in the houses, and sentries march up and down the wall, keeping a look-out within and without.

Every day, men and women may be seen standing outside the wall, communicating by gestures with the prisoners at the top windows of the houses within. The parties to the conversation can see one another's faces and their expression, but can scarcely hear one another speak. They converse thus by the half-hour together. One may see a woman, for example, moving her mouth in saying "Cicco," and putting her hand to her forehead, meaning, "Cicco is ill." Whereupon a prisoner inside, possibly the father, throws out his hands, making the general sign of inquiry: he wants to know "How did it happen?" and the woman answers: "Hunger did it," by making the sign for hunger, already explained. Then the man throws his hands up, and it can be seen that he says "Dio mio!" and is expressing his affliction.

Of course the gesture-language is largely used in rows, and naturally some of the expressions are more forcible than refined.

One which invariably winds up every row amongst the women of the lowest class is this: a belligerent who is getting the worst of it, but desires to retire with some *éclat*, suddenly turns her back on the enemy, throws all her clothes over her head, and retreats. Contempt cannot be more strongly expressed.

Love-making by signs is very general. The method has many recommendations; for as the lovers are not seen together, and don't write, they are not easily found out. Every window opens to the floor, and has a balcony, so that neighbours have great facilities for the pastime. The language of love is very simple; it is always the same, and always interesting and new. The gentleman begins by taking out his handkerchief, which he passes over his face, looking all the time at the lady, and throwing into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear, to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time, the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side, to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees, to return the next day, and observe the gentleman, of course to her great astonishment and displeasure, repeat the previous gesture, ending by showing her the palms of his hands, and looking entreaty, which any young lady even unacquainted with the particular language in question would understand to mean: I vow by &c. that I love you more than — and so forth. Do you love me? The answer to which, of course, depends upon circumstances; and thus the ancient comedy proceeds. It is understood to be extremely interesting to the *dramatis personæ*. Love-making, short of the "ask-papa" part, is frequently carried on in South Italy in this way; and it not seldom happens that when papa is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparation to run away, is transacted solely by gestures — apropos of which it is on record, that on an occasion of the sort, all being prepared, and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking: "Are you there?" The lover looked towards the voice, saw that it came

from the object of his balcony affections, and, utterly disenchanted, fled. This story, although nearly as incredible as the first narrated, is given without any reserve: it is quite true.

From The Spectator.
THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

I.—THE DARK SIDE.

How is it possible to exhaust all the ill omens for the political future of France which seem to throng over and darken the horizon as we look forth? We can but attempt to enumerate the leading classes of symptoms of evil augury.

Foremost stands the worst omen of all, that the two parties or factions of France are not divided about a political question, or a political principle, or even a political mode of life, but at bottom about tolerating each other in any shape or way. There is no common ground between them at all on which they can even negotiate. The party of movement, the party of the cities, take apparently for their motto Proudhon's audacious watchword, "Destruction first, construction afterwards," "*Destruam et adificabo*." The party of caution, the party of the peasants, take apparently for their watchword destruction first, conservation afterwards, "*Destruam et conservabo*." The Communists would destroy the whole system of French society, in order to reconstruct it. The country party would destroy the specific blossom and fruit of social life in the great towns, in order to extirpate the cancer that threatens property and quiet. The cry of the cities is, — "See what a galling and ignominious tyranny these peasants try to impose upon us; we have been ruled by their ignorance and cowardice for twenty years; now let us have our turn, and subject them to the principles which have fired us with enthusiasm." The cry of the country, — repeated, we are told, in hundreds of letters received every day by members of the Legislature, — is, "Paris must be destroyed, *Delenda est Carthago*, — there is no compromise possible with the spirit of sheer anarchy and self-will which raves of a new order of society, without enumerating one intelligible principle of national life." And there neither is, nor, we are afraid, can be, any middle party of any strength and consideration, to bridge the chasm which separates these interneccine political foes, and hold the scales evenly between them, — and that

for a very simple reason, that there is no possibility of gradual transition from the one position to the other. The party of movement understand the destructive part of their creed clearly enough, but beyond that they hardly look. The stand-still party understand the drastic policy which shall annihilate agitation well enough, and beyond that they do not even wish to look. Where, then, is even the hope of mediation between antagonists, the first article of whose creed is to smite the other as the Jews smote the Canaanites, till politically it could hardly lift up its head again? This, then,—the violent and ungraduated antithesis between the opposing parties—is the darkest omen for the future.

Next comes what is an omen of a hardly less threatening character, that neither the town nor the country party appear to have political leaders in whose principles they have the smallest trust. Suspicion is the order of the day on both sides. Amongst the civilian Communists Assi succeeds Louis Blanc, and Pyat succeeds Assi, and each in his turn is an idol trodden under foot; amongst the military, Bergeret succeeds Lullier, and Cluseret succeeds Bergeret, and still the cry of treachery goes up, and at last the only men who can get a little faith are the two semi-foreigners, Cluseret the American and Dombrowski the Pole, whom the people distrust less than they distrust their fellow-countrymen. If it is not quite so bad on the side of the Government, it is only from consciousness of a greater numerical strength and less imminent danger. Yet M. Thiers is accused on all sides of treacherous intentions, by the Legitimists of collusion with Paris, by the Republicans of collusion with the fallen dynasties; and if he retains his place, it is less from any common feeling of confidence, than from the want of any other statesman who would not be even more passionately distrusted. In fact, nothing could be more significant of the utter absence of an idea than the election of M. Thiers by so many Conservative constituencies, for M. Thiers represents only that kind of Conservatism which succeeds a series of unsuccessful experiments on all conceivable forms of political change, and which cries with the Preacher, "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!" after all. No wonder that with foreign leaders on the one side, chosen only because they are less suspected than the men at home, and a leader on the other side chosen only because one who has successively tried, and

relinquished in despair, Napoleonism, Orleanism, and the European Revolution, must be less suspected than any statesman who has not thus exhausted the whole circle of political faiths, the tie between the people and their leaders is of that frail and feeble kind which so soon ends in the monotonous cry, "We are betrayed!"

And it adds, to our mind, to the peril of the situation, that the French people,—both the city and the country faction,—are so docile, so easily led by any one who will give the word of command. That might seem like a great capacity for organization; but, in reality, docility without loyalty, pliancy without trust, is not a facility for true organization at all. Where docility arises, as it seems to arise so often in France, from mere weakness, from the dislike to resist masterfulness, not from the confidence placed in leaders, it is at once an encouragement to weak and vain men to try experiments on the nation, and a discouragement to strong and loyal men to attempt a career in which they know that they may at any time be foiled by the apathy of their followers. The political condition of France reminds one of the chemical condition of those substances in which the affinities of the constituents for each other are so slight that almost any of them may at any moment escape into combination with some wandering atmospheric element, and so break up the unity of which it formed a part. The party which will obey the first extemporized leader who bids them follow him, without any clear notion either of his purposes or their own, is in far too fluid a condition for real organization. If the resistance to haphazard dictation were stronger than it is in France, the hope of a solid organization would be far greater. As it is, the leaders and the followers alike seem to guide their gravest steps by the cropping-up of those vagrant "happy thoughts," by which our keen English humourist has so skilfully illustrated the loose and sandy purposelessness of "modern thought."

Another of the evil auguries of the time in France is that the party of change, the party of progress, is hardly in any perceptible degree the party of light and knowledge. No doubt nothing can be more densely ignorant and superstitious than the conservative peasantry of France who offer the resistance to progress. But then the party which assails them is not the party of higher education, but only of passionate revolt. Its leaders see none of

the limitations to the principle of revolt. They follow in the old grooves of 1792, when the system of society was one of unscrupulous oppression of the poor, and take up mere destruction as a principle of progress,—which to some extent it then really was,—but which it can hardly ever be again. The ignorance of the peasantry is dense, but the ignorance of the Communists is little less dense. They know no more of social and political economy than they do of optics or acoustics, and yet they plunge into these problems with all the rashness of the revolutionary era, but without the excuse of that profound misery prevalent in 1792,—a misery at least incapable of any serious enhancement. They are quite unaware both of the tyranny and of the terrible wastefulness of socialistic schemes. Even in their crusade against the priesthood, they do not meet despotic spiritual influences by the spiritual influences of freedom, rather, on the contrary, by the explosion of that fierce passion, which will always be conscious of its own need of self-control, and therefore always in danger of falling back into subjugation. The "Reds" propose to conquer Sacerdotalism and Reaction not by "Sweetness and Light," but by "Bitterness and Heat," which are not conquering, though they are violent and destructive forces; and they will fail. Successful revolutions have always been headed by the courage which is born of wider knowledge and calmer self-reliance than any of which the Reaction can boast. Is there any sign of such courage now among the leaders of Revolt in Paris? The men of thought and science shrink away from it in fear and anger.

And if the highest qualities of beneficent and successful revolution are wanting in the leaders of the Commune, are not the highest qualities of beneficent and successful Conservatism in great degree wanting in the country party? No doubt the tenacity with which that party clings to proprietary ideas, to the strict maintenance of personal property and of public order, is the germ of all social Conservatism. But where are the qualities which transmute the Conservatism of self-interest into the Conservatism of a noble and disinterested national pride? Where is the heroism in defence of the soil, the heroism in defence of the community, the heroism which makes villages faithful to each other, the heroism which is eager to die for tried and proved patriots? Where is such heroism as was shown in the Tyrol,—a Catholic and peasant population like that

of France,—during its invasion by Buonaparte? Is it not the common talk of France that in every occupied town the German General had his table covered with communications in which French citizens betrayed the plans of their leaders, the secrets of family life, the very hiding-places of their own soldiers? There has been far more of fidelity to each other among the Reds of Paris than was sometimes shown by French peasants and tradesmen during the German invasion. Now, Conservatism which rests on a strong proprietary instinct and a sensitive dislike to change, can never be really strong unless it blossoms into the fidelity and loyalty of a common faith rising far above the level of proprietary interests;—and of this loyal faith we find amongst the country party—the Conservative party—of France, but far too little trace.

Such are the evil omens as they appear to us of the French situation,—a total and violent opposition between the party of change and the party of order, which admits of no compromise, because there is no common ground on which to meet; a complete absence of leaders of known character and eminence whose past lives are a guarantee for the future, and a consequent readiness to impute treachery to the makeshift leaders they have; a servile readiness to obey any one, which naturally involves an equal readiness, when the first temptation comes, to disobey, a terrible want of knowledge and calmness among the party of progress; and a terrible want of faith and loyalty among the party of order. We are happy to think that this is but one side of the picture, but it is indeed a fatally dark one. Taken alone, it would seem to imply that what France needs is regeneration,—regeneration for Revolutionists and Conservatives alike; the birth of a new spirit, rather than the institution of a new régime.

II.—THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

If this were the whole truth, as to most Englishmen and Germans it appears to be the whole truth, we should despair alike of Paris and of France; but we seem to catch every now and then a glimpse of something beyond, of causes for the worst calamities of the country, which may make them, after an interval of suffering, anything but calamitous. Amidst all the disorders of the day there are signs, few it is true, but still visible, of the coming of a better time. One-half at least of the evils of France seem to us the result of the virtues and not of the vices of Frenchmen,

of their capacities rather than of their weaknesses. This very revolt of Paris is the result of two feelings, neither of them intrinsically evil,—of a disgust with a corrupt and lying Past so deep as to produce a strain towards an Utopia, only to be condemned because it is unattainable. The Communists of the world, and more especially of Paris, are crying for the moon; but at least it is for a more perfect, and not a less perfect, brotherhood of mankind that they are ready to die fighting. We in England suppose all this to be a mere cover for selfish passions, but mark that the first act of the Commune was to authorize the election of a Prussian, Frankel, that men of every nationality are accepted as officers, that the disgraceful persecution of Germans ceased, that the sneers and insults to Englishmen were exchanged for hearty expressions of good-will, that as we write the Commune has decreed the destruction of the column of the Place Vendôme as an unwarrantable insult to vanquished nations. The mass of those who obey the Commune are not Communists, but they also are going out to fight, or suspending business, or suffering hardships quietly for a cause which is not the cause of their own stomachs. We Englishmen have forgotten what municipal patriotism once was, what the Apostle meant when he called himself, with irrepressible pride in his home, a "citizen of no mean city"; but though in our modern world a Frenchman's patriotism should be for France, patriotism for Paris is better than self-love. And these men feel it to their hearts' core, and sybaritic, pleasure-loving, thoughtless, or evil as we think them, will postpone the blessed hour of tranquil money-getting, will even elect that it shall never come, will slay, fight, imprison, be imprisoned, in fine suffer all things in order that the city of their love may maintain her rank. In that love there is hope for the future, as there is in that persistent devotion to the Republic, that angry suspiciousness that all save themselves are secretly hostile to the object of their loyalty. Imagine for a moment the Republic established and at work, would not this passion replace the old loyalty to a King, be instantly and by itself a high conservative force? The "cheap defence of nations" is just this,—the devotion to an idea loftier and wider than that of one's own interest. These men, some of them at all events, wish to take from the rich to give to the poor, but their motive, their conscious motive at all events, is that passion of pity and of sym-

pathy with the common millions who perish like weeds, which in our time has done or is doing the work of a new faith. Citizen Bergeret, compositor and general, fighting "that the poor be no longer despised," as he told the *Telegraph's* correspondent, is a very anarchic figure, and citizen Smith, patriot and publican, resisting the grant of port wine to "those brutes of paupers" is a very orderly one; but we have some latent doubts as to the comparative nobleness of the two, and no doubt at all as to their comparative force. And then the ability of these men. There are no statesmen among them, we are told, no men of high degree, none even of education, none with visible incomes; they are tailors, printers, porters, mere workmen, "who desire not to be despised," fellows whom English correspondents regard as the very scum on the water of the ditch. The statesmen have fled. The rich have emigrated unopposed. The very clerks have resigned. All that is respectable in Paris is trembling for its life and for its money, and these contemptible wretches organize a Government in a day which no one disobeys; maintain such order, writes our Catholic correspondent, a lady as hostile to the Reds as religion and cultivation can make her, that "Paris is as safe as a bird's nest;" regiment, arm, and send forth an army of a hundred thousand men, and for weeks defy all the efforts of 80,000 regular troops. They are the "creatures of the mob," but they dismiss its favourites; they use bayonets but they displace Generals as Napoleon never could, and after every change they make it is noted that a "more dangerous" man is at the top, that is, an abler one; that the reformed regiments show "more ferocity," that is, a higher degree of fighting power. The deeper the depth from which the Reds are drawn the greater the wonder at their discipline, and the self-abnegation of their followers. Is it a feeble race which, without a vestige of a government or an institution or an authority left, amid a fierce conflict of opinion, and with none but workman to use as agents, organizes a capital into a mighty State, able and willing to throw 100,000 men into the battle-field, so to maintain order that crime has ceased, so to quell the bitterness of its own heart as to terminate suddenly an international persecution? It seems to us that the qualities which make nations great are all here, however misdirected; that if these men found a leader, if after this frightful churning of the waves a man appeared out of the waters, the course of European

history might be very different from what Englishmen and Germans, bewildered by the melodramatic catastrophes of a few months, expect that it will be.

But the positive dangers of the situation. What of the hatred between the cities and the towns? It points to federation, a system inimical, it may be, to the aggressive power of France, but not inimical to the full development of her internal life, and specially not to its development in that bright variety of forms which France since the Revolution has so lacked. But France has no men? How many had she during the reign of Louis XV.? This much at least is certain, that never at any period did men who can climb mount so fast, never was the people so ready to welcome any leaders. An Italian Jew, an Americanized Frenchman, a Pole, — no matter, the last rag of hampering prejudice has been discarded, and the tools are to the workmen, be he who he may. There is no loyalty to anybody? No, but there is to ideas, be they the ideas of the Republic, of Parliamentary Government, or of the Commune, such loyalty, so passionate, so inveterate, so nearly akin to a religion, that the first difficulty of France is the bitterness of her divisions, otherwise the incurable loyalty of her people to their convictions. But these ideas are irreconcilable? No more irreconcilable than the ideas of Geneva and the ideas of Canton St. Gall, just so irreconcilable as to give to the policy of Federalism a hold. The irreligion and the superstition of France? Are neither of them indifferentism or hypocrisy, and therefore neither of them sources of weakness. The indifference or submissiveness of the peasantry? Is entirely superficial. These peasants become

the fiery workman of the great cities, and their submissiveness while it lasts acts like the stolid belief of Englishmen that what is right, as a conservative force, a resisting medium which saves every movement from flying into infinite space.

But the terrible external situation of the country, a conquering army within its borders, a crushing debt, no Government, no army, a possibility or more of total subjugation by another and a different race? It is all true, and it was all still truer of Germany in 1810, and yet in 1815 the soldier who is now Kaiser William entered Paris in triumph. History does not repeat itself, and the deliverance of France will not come as the deliverance of Germany came; but that it will come we may rest assured, — perhaps, and not improbably, from German forbearance or enlightened self-interest; perhaps, and not improbably, from a burst of disease among the conquering host; perhaps, though improbably, from the rise of one of those men whose function is to deliver nations. What is the condition of France compared with the condition of Holland under Philip? We attribute too much importance to the incidents of a few months, under-estimate too grossly the resources which must exist in every nation of six-and-thirty millions, forget too completely in our prosperity how the wretched fight. We cannot foresee or attempt to foresee the future; we have acknowledged without stint the signs of evil abroad in France: but we see no sign yet of the only evil, death, from which in this world there is for nations, as for individuals, no release. It is but a day since Prévost Paradol died because the only escape from Caesar was in suicide, and the Caesar is at Chislehurst an exile.

HATS — by which we mean the conventional stove-pipes — have long been voted an arbitrary social infliction. A few bolder spirits have tried, by heroic example, to make head-gear of a more comfortable shape the proper thing to wear; but their success has only been partial. Yet, only a few years ago, no man claiming to be even respectable could make his appearance in the streets with anything on his head but the necessary hat; and as for white hats, now so common in the summer weather, they were an abomination in the land. A political significance attached also to the wearer of a white hat. The connection of white hats with Radicalism seems

to have originated with Henry Hunt, or "Orator Hunt," as he was then called — a great man as a political agitator fifty years ago, but not much remembered now. He was noted for wearing white hats; and a white hat then was indeed a *rara avis in terris*. A ballad appeared in the papers about the time of which we are speaking — 1819 — of which the last verse is —

"March, my boys, in your Radical rags,
Handle your sticks and flourish your flags,
Till you lay both the throne and altar flat
With a whisk of Harry the Ninth's White Hat."
Once a Week.

SOME interesting information is given in the *Levant Herald* respecting the Imperial Turkish Gun Factories at Tophaneh. Great activity is being shown by the Grand Master of Artillery not only in the rapid accumulation of increased stores of arms, but in the permanent enlargement of the buildings, the acquisition of the newest and most powerful machinery, and the improvement and simplification of the several branches of manufacture; in fact, Tophaneh is fast becoming the Woolwich of the Bosphorus. Since September great changes have taken place in the buildings themselves. A long shop facing the Bosphorus has been built in order to afford room for the entire separation of machinery worked by hand from that driven by steam, and several other shops have been enlarged in order to give accommodation to an increased number of men and machines. The most notable improvement in this direction, however, is the construction of a new shop for the reception of the machinery for the manufacture of guns up to thirteen and fourteen inches in diameter. This vast erection, which will occupy the centre of the factories, will be the largest workshop in the world, and will measure 850 feet long — about half the length of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham — 82 feet wide, and nearly 40 feet high. This noble building is fast approaching completion; the glazed roof is nearly finished, and the foundations for the heavy machinery which it is intended to contain are being laid as rapidly as is consistent with solidity on the solid rock, which in some places is conveniently found at a few inches below the surface. Several of the gigantic lathes and boring machines are already in position, and the rest are either waiting to be put up or are on their way from England. The carriage department has also been enlarged — a change rendered necessary by the entire abandonment of wooden gun carriages and limbers, which are now manufactured entirely of wrought iron — a stronger, lighter, and more durable material for the purpose. The old Genoese, Venetian, Persian, and Russian guns which were clustered round the clock-towers are fast being melted up and converted into modern weapons. Some of these were really specimens of art, but economy is the order of the day, and they have therefore been condemned to the melting furnace. Preparations are being made for the manufacture of a batch of large fortress and siege guns upon a new model. The Snider being considered the most suitable arm for excitable soldiers like the Turks, who are liable to throw away their ammunition without taking deliberate aim when using a quick-firing piece, is preferred to the Martini-Henry, and the conversion of arms on the Snider system still continues. In a few more months it is expected that the stock of muzzle-loaders in store will be quite exhausted. Great improvements have been made in the copper-smelting process as carried on at Tohab. A

batch of five tons of unrefined copper was lately sent to England to be refined by the best Swansea methods, in order to compare the results obtained with those of Zeitoun-Bournow. The specimens were submitted to several well-known copper smelters at Swansea and elsewhere, who gave it as their opinion that the unrefined metal was of such excellent quality and colour that if introduced into the English market it would fetch from £1 to £1 10s. per ton above the prices then ruling. The powder mills are actively engaged in making "pebble," "bean," and "prismatic" powder on a large scale. Another kind of powder is also being made for guns of an intermediate size in the form of flat blocks half an inch long, quarter of an inch broad, and three-sixteenths of an inch thick.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SAVAGES AND THE TELEGRAPH.

A TRICK ON THE AURACANIAN INDIANS.

It is not a little curious, says the *Indpendente* of Chile, to know how the telegraph wires and posts have been preserved from injury by the Indians, otherwise the communication of the frontier forts with one another could not have been kept up. The following stratagem was hit upon and related by a traveller recently from the frontiers, who was asked how this was. He said when the posts were erected there were some forty or fifty Indian prisoners in the camp of the army. General Pinto, fearing they might destroy this important work of civilization, called them together, and brought in an elec'tric battery:

"Do you see this wire which is placed here?"

"Yes, General."

"Well, then, I have caused it to be placed there, so that you should not pass to the other side or touch it, because if you do, your hands will adhere to the wire."

The Indians smiled with an incredulous look. The General called them one by one, and made them lay hold of the wires of a battery and then set it agoing.

"Let go the wires, I tell you."

"I cannot, sir, my hands are benumbed."

On cutting off the current of course they dropped the wires. Each Indian was made to experiment for himself. Before letting them go the General recommended them to keep the secret and not tell it to their countrymen.

Of course they did quite the contrary, and told every Indian what they had seen and what had happened to them. Since then not a wire has been damaged, because they now all believe that if they touched the wires they would be caught and held prisoners until the troops came up.